

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

The Book of German Songs.




600083549Z



Frontispiece.—Military and Patriotic Songs.

The Book of German Songs:

from

The Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century.



TRANSLATED AND EDITED

BY

H. W. DULCKEN.

LONDON:
WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

1856.

285. n. 61.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

COMPARED with the bulky collections of "Alte und Neue Lieder," which have appeared from time to time in Germany, this little volume must necessarily seem a crude and fragmentary representative of German Song Literature. It does not, indeed, aspire to completeness. The subject is far too ample to be exhausted within the compass of a few hundred pages; for there is scarcely a department of German song writing, whether it be that of popular songs (*Volkslieder*), sacred and moral songs (*Geistliche Lieder*), or students' songs (*Studenten-und Burschenlieder*), which would not present sufficient material for a book of goodly size;—and however carefully a volume like the present one may be prepared, much that is essential must necessarily be omitted from mere lack of space.

With this preliminary apology to all who honour these English versions of German songs with a perusal,

the translator has still a word of explanation for those of his readers who may be surprised at the omission of lyrics of first-rate merit, while manifestly inferior productions have been given. The purpose for which this book has been compiled is to give, in an English garb, songs characteristic of the nation and period from which they emanated, rather than to point out the individual excellencies of particular authors. A song, worthless in itself, may become important from the associations connected with it, or the circumstances to which it owed its origin, and may, as *representative* of a particular school of writing, possess a value to which, individually considered, it could lay no claim. Few readers, for instance, would be inclined to attribute any high literary merit to the Jacobite song of "Johnnie Cope;" and fewer still would consider "La Carmagnole" as anything but a sanguinary outburst of revolutionary licentiousness. Yet no series of Scottish songs would be complete without the one, and no judicious collection of French lyrics would be justified in omitting the other. This is the reason why, in the course of the present volume, such songs as "*Fredericus Rex*," "*Gallant Schill*," Gleim's "*Song of Victory*," and others of the same stamp, have usurped the places of the finished productions of more gifted authors. Their popu-

larity in Germany was considered in itself a sufficient warrant for their translation into English.

It has been in every case the translator's endeavour to give a correct rendering of the meaning and spirit of the original songs, even to the sacrificing of the doubtful advantage of literal accuracy. The metre of the German song has, however, in almost every instance been retained, and the original, in many cases, appended to the English version, as the student may desire to compare the translation offered to him, with the song as written by the German author.

In conclusion, the translator begs to assure his readers that in one respect, at least, this collection is not open to censure. No song has been admitted if it contained a word or a sentiment which would render the book ineligible for admission into the drawing-room or the school.

H. W. D.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
A Battle Prayer	*Th. Körner*	58
A Curious History	*Reinick*	115
After the Harvest	*Weisse*	250
A Lover's Song		128
A Tragical Story	*Chamisso*	293
A Wish		184
Ballad	*Heine*	177
Ballad	*E. M. Arndt*	157
Barbarossa	*F. Rückert*	154
Before the Doors	*F. Rückert*	282
Beware of the Rhine	*Simrock*	170
Blucher	*E. M. Arndt*	66
Christmas Carol for Children	*M. Luther*	264
Comfort at Parting	*Kotzebue*	216
Consolation	*Eichendorff*	283
Consolation, Song of	*Neumark*	274
Count Eberhard the Weeper, of Wurtemberg	*Schiller*	39
Cradle Song		118
Dame Nightingale		129
Drinking Song	*E. W. C. Starke*	206
Drinking Song in May	*Hölty*	238
Drinking Song	*G. A. v. Halem*	180
Emperor Kläs		310
Entertainment	*L. Uhland*	242
Ergo Bibamus		186
Eternity		285
Evening in Spring		252
Evening Song	*F. Rückert*	149

		PAGE
Faith		270
False Blue	*Reinick*	172
Farewell Song of a Journeyman		94
Farewell to the Old Year	*Osiander*	175
Fiducit		199
Fredericus Rex	*Willibald Alexis*	49
Gallant Schill	*Arndt*	82
Gaudeamus		196
German Drink and German Truth		210
Grave Song	*Mahlmann*	271
Have-I and Had-I	*A. F. E. Langbein*	112
Hope	*Schiller*	278
How canst thou sleep in quiet?	*H. Heine*	164
Hunter's Song		230
Hussar's Song		48
Hymn	*M. Luther*	260
If they knew it, little Flowerets	*H. Heine*	171
It is all one		116
Life still enjoy, Friends	*Usteri*	119
Lore-Ley	*H. Heine*	163
Men and Knaves	*F. Körner*	68
Morning Song in Spring	*W. G. Becker*	237
My True-love is pretty		97
Nature and Man	*G. A. Kinkel*	255
Nor Luck nor Star		124
Not only for this Nether World	*C. L. G. Meister*	279
Old Bacchus	*Bürger*	187
Parting		110
Patriotic Song	*E. M. Arndt*	70
Patriotic Song	*Hinckel*	74
Prophecy.		221
Punch Song	*Schiller*	214

		PAGE
Sir Olof		136
Soldiers' Morning Song	*Max v. Schenkendorf*	75
Song, Love, and Wine	*Th. Körner*	202
Song	*Herder's Volkslieder*	168
Song of Victory after the Battle of Leipzig	*Herklots*	80
Song of Victory after the Battle of Prague	*Gleim*	53
Song—"A young man loves a maiden"	*H. Heine*	153
Song—"A star is falling"	*Heine*	156
Song, Double	*Reinick*	158
Spring	*M. Hartmann*	241
Tailors' Heroism	*A. Chamisso*	290
Taking up Quarters		82
The Artist and the Public	*F. Rückert*	317
The Battle of Prague		56
The Broken Ring	*J. v. Eichendorff*	132
The Chapel	*Uhland*	284
The Coming of Spring	*Müller*	247
The Course of my Life		189
The Daisy	*G. W. Fink*	243
The Diver	*Schiller*	318
The Fishermaiden	*H. Heine*	144
The Fox-Ride		219
The German the Dearest	*Schreiber*	212
The German Rhine	*Becker*	85
The Grenadiers	*H. Heine*	86
The Hammer-Stroke	*Eberhard*	281
The Hostess's Daughter	*L. Uhland*	165
The Huntsman's Joy		234
The Hussites before Naumburg		296
The Jolly Brother		100
The King of Thulé	*Goethe*	211
The Krähwinkel Guardsmen		308
The Lad of the Mountain	*L. Uhland*	78
The Locksmith's Man	*Grübel*	106
The Man in the Cellar		181
The March	*A. Methfessel*	76
The Months and the Men		304
The Moon Dial	*Reinick*	143
The Nibelunger's Treasure	*Simrock*	174

		PAGE
The Old Soldier to his Cloak		43
The Old Love Songs	*Ambrosius Metzger*	131
The Peasant's Rule	*Uhland*	135
The Pilgrimage to Keevlar	*Heine*	145
The Retreat		315
The Richest Prince	*J. Kerner*	45
The Serenade	*L. Uhland*	165
The Song of Wine	*F. Rochlitz*	205
The Stages of Life	*A. F. E. Langbein*	104
The Sunken Crown	*Uhland*	161
The Table-Song of Truth		182
The Tailor's Fright	*Goethe*	114
The Three Tailors	*C. Herlossohn*	102
The Toper's Dilemma		113
The Tree in the Odenwald		108
The Two Coffins	*J. Kerner*	159
The Water it Rushes	*Goethe*	141
The Watchman's Song		97
The White Hart	*Uhland*	235
The Wooer		292
The World a Beer-Bottle		295
Thou say'st my Songs are Poisoned	*H. Heine*	142
To Him	*Mahlmann*	277
To Spring	*Schiller*	240
To the Winehouse	*H. v. Fallersleben*	204
Trooper's Song	*Schiller*	35
Under the Dark Linden Trees	*Reinick*	173
Urian's Voyage round the World	*Matthias Claudius*	298
Wanderer's Song	*Goethe*	254
Wanderer's Song		121
Wanderer's Song	*J. Kerner*	227
Wandering Song	*Müller*	140
War-Song for the Chasseur Volunteers, 1813	*De la Motte Fouqué*	91
What is the Best Thing?	*Kopisch*	226
What is the German's Fatherland?	*Arndt*	61
90 × 9 × 99		305

Index to First Lines.

		PAGE
ALLAH gibt Licht in Nächten	*Mahlmann* . .	277
Als die Preussen marschirten vor Prag . .		57
Am Fenster stand die Mutter	*H. Heine* . . .	145
A'n Schlosser hot a'n G'sellen g'hot . . .	*Grübel* . .	106
An den Rhein, an den Rhein, zieh nicht an den Rhein	*Simrock* . . .	170
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild	*Uhland* . . .	242
Bekränzet die Tonnen	*L. H. C. Hölty* . .	238
Brüder-hier steht Bier statt Wein . . .		210
Da droben auf dem Hügel	*Uhland* . . .	161
Das Leben gleicht der Blume	*Von Halem* . .	180
Das Lied vom Wein	*F. Rochlitz* . .	205
Das Volk steht auf, der Sturm bricht los . .	*Körner* . . .	68
Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust . . .	*W. Müller* .	140
Der alte Barbarossa	*F. Rückert* . .	154
Der bleiche, herbstliche Halbmond . . .	*H. Heine* . . .	121
Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess . . .	*Arndt* . . .	72
Der Jäger geht zu Fest und Schmauss . .	*Reinick* . . .	143
Der Mai ist gekommen, die Bäume schlagen aus		121
Der Stumme sprach zum Blinden . . .	*Rückert* . . .	317
Der süsse Schlaf der alle sonst erquickt . .		128
Die Hussiten zogen vor Naumburg . . .		296
Die Felder sind nun alle leer	*Weisse* . . .	250
Die Fenster auf! die Herzen auf! . . .	*W. Müller* . .	247
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille . . .		295
Droben stehet die Kapelle	*Uhland* . . .	284
Du schönes Fischermädchen	*H. Heine* . . .	144
Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott	*M. Luther.* . .	260
Ein Heller und ein Batzen		100

		PAGE
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen	*H. Heine*	153
Ein Schlosser hat'nen G'sellen g'habt	*Grübel*	106
Erhebt euch von der Erde, ihr Schläfer aus der Ruh	*Max v. Schenkendorf.*	75
Es blinken drei freundliche Sterne	*Körner*	202
Es fällt ein Stern herunter	*H. Heine*	156
Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht		124
Es, es, es, und es		95
Es giebt Nichts lustigers in der Welt		49
Es giebt zwei Vogel sie sind bekannt	*Langbein*	112
Es gingen drei Jäger wohl auf die Birsch	*Uhland*	235
Es haben viel Dichter gesungen	*Eichendorff*	283
Es haben viel Dichter die lange verblichen	*Langbein*	104
Es hatten drei Gesellen		199
Es hatten wilde Mörder	*Kinkel*	255
Es ist ein Schuss gefallen	*Goethe*	114
Es ist Nichts lustger in der Welt		
Es kamen drei Schneider wohl an der Rhein		
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben	*Kotzebue*	216
Es lebe was auf Erden		231
Es reden und träumen die Menschen viel	*Schiller*	278
Es rauschet das Wasser	*Goethe*	141
Es schwebt ein Geist ob der Frühlings pracht	*Hartmann.*	241
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald		108
Es war ein König in Thulé	*Goethe*	211
Es war einmal ein König	*Simrock*	174
Es waren einmal die Schneider	(*Fliegendes Blatt*)	305
Es zog aus Berlin ein tapferer Held	*Arndt*	82
Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein	*Uhland*	116
Frau Nachtigall mach' dich bereit		129
Fredericus Rex, unser König und Herr	*Willibald Alexis*	49
Freut euch des Lebens	*Usteri*	119
Grad' aus dem Wirtshaus nun komm' ich heraus	*Mühler*	113
Gaudeamus igitur		196
Gieb blanker Bruder, gieb mir Wein		221
Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann	*Bürger*	187
Herr Olof reitet spät und weit		136
Herz voll Muth	*Hinkel*	74
Hinaus in die Ferne, mit lautem Hörnerklang	*A. Methfessel*	76
Hört ihr Leute und lasst euch sagen		95
Hört mäl Lüd' en Bitgen still		310

		PAGE
Ich bin einmal etwas hinaus spatzirt . . .	*Reinick* . . .	115
Ich bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab' . . .	*Uhland* . . .	78
Ich hab' geklopft an des Reichthums Haus .	*Rückert* . . .	282
Ich hab' in das blaue Meer geschaut . . .	*Reinick* . . .	172
Ich hab mein Sach' auf Nichts gestellt . .	*Goethe* . . .	191
Ich liebte dich und du wusstest's nicht . .	*Reinick* . . .	134
Ich stand auf Berges Halde	*F. Rückert* . .	149
Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten . . .	*H. Heine* . . .	168
Ihr, ihr, dort draussen in der Welt . . .	*Schiller* . . .	39
Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein sass . . .	*Reinich* . . .	158
Im Januar führen die Männer uns		104
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier		181
Im Weine wie das Sprichwort sagt		182
Immer langsam voran, immer langsam voran .		308
In einem kühlen Grunde	*Eichendorff* . .	132
In's Weinhaus trebt mich dies und das . .	*H. v. Fallersleben* .	204
Leb' wohl, du liebes altes Jahr	*Osiander* . . .	175
Lustig ihr Leute, Soldaten sind da		32
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb und Lust		189
Mein Schätzerl ist hübsch, aber reich ist es nit		
Muss i' denn, muss i' denn, zum Städele 'naus		110
Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier' . .	*H. Heine* . . .	89
Nicht blos für diese Unterwelt	*C. Meister* . .	279
O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit!		285
Preisend mit viel schönen Reden	*J. Kerner* . . .	116
Schlaf, Herzenssöhnchen, mein Liebling bist du		118
Schier dreissig Jahre bist du alt	*C. V. Hölter* . .	43
Selig die Todten! sie ruhen und rasten . .	*Mahlmann* . .	271
Schon haben viel Dichter die Lange verblichen .	*A. Langbein* . .	104
'S ist mir alles eins		116
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben	*Nic. Becker* . .	85
Spatzieren wollt' ich reiten		131
Such dir im Sommer einen Schatz . . .	*Uhland* . . .	135
S'war einer dem's zu Herzen ging . . .	*Chamisso* . . .	293
Triumph! das Schwert in tapf'rer Hand . .	*Max v. Schenkendorf*	80

		PAGE
Und als die Schneider revoltirt'	*Chamisso* . . .	291
Und die Sonne machte den weiten Ritt . .	*E. M. Arndt* . .	157
Und wüssten's die Blumen die Kleinen . .	*H. Heine* . . .	171
Vater, ich rufe Dich	*Körner* . . .	58
Vaterlandslied	*Hinkel* . . .	74
Vergiftet sind meine Leider	*H. Heine* . . .	142
Victoria! mit uns ist Gott'	*Gleim.* . . .	53
Vier Elemente	*Schiller* . . .	214
Von allen Ländern in der Welt	*Schmidt* . . .	212
Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her . . .	*M. Luther* . .	264
Von dem Berge zu den Hügeln	*Goethe* . . .	254
Wandern! es ist des Müller's Lust . . .	*W. Müller* . .	140
Was blasen die Trompeten? Husaren heraus .	*Arndt* . . .	66
Was hat das Gänseblüm' gethan? . . .	*G. W. Fink* . .	244
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? . . .	*Arndt* . . .	61
Was ist doch auf dieser Welt		234
Was kann schöner seyn?	*F. Rückert* . .	152
Was kommt dort von der Höh'?		219
Was schweigen die Sänger, die sonst wohl gesungen	*Ehrhard* . . .	281
Was wecken aus dem Schlummer mich . .	*Uhland* . . .	
Wenn Jemand eine Reise thut	*Matthias Claudius* .	298
Wenn wir beim Wein sind, was is da das beste?	*Kopisch* . . .	226
Wer so aus Russland wandern muss . . .		315
Wer nun den lieben Gott lässt walten. . .	*G. Neumark* . .	274
Wer wagt es, Rittersmann oder Knapp . .	*Schiller* . . .	319
Wie ist doch die Erde so schön?		168
Wie reizend, wie wonnig ist alles umher . .	*N. G. Becker* . .	237
Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen	*H. Heine* . . .	164
Willkommen schöner Jüngling	*Schiller* . . .	240
Wir sind die Könige der Welt	*G. v. Starke* . .	206
Wohlauf! Kameraden, auf's Pferd, auf's Pferd!	*Schiller* . . .	35
Wohlauf! noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein	*J. Kerner* . . .	227
Wohlauf zum freudigen Jagen	*De la Motte Fouqué* .	91
Zwei Särge einsam stehen	*J. Kerner* . .	159



Introduction.

THE practice of celebrating the deeds and perpetuating the memory of heroes in tragic and mirthful song, seems to have been common among the German races in the most ancient times. The records of the earliest battles, in which

the rude barbarians of the north strove to make head against the powers and resources of Rome, tell us how the Cimbri and Teutones advanced *singing* to the contest. The songs in praise of the god Thuisco are mentioned by Tacitus; and a few scattered fragments of old heroic lays, which have been preserved through the devastation, turmoil, and conflict amid which the Queen of the World sank down, still remain to indicate to the modern German the character of these first glimmerings of his country's literature. With the conversion of the German tribes to Christianity came the substitution of Christian traditions for pagan ditties; and though Charlemagne made a collection of Teutonic ballads, the old legends were almost forgotten, till the time when a poet of the twelfth century incorporated a number of them to form the incidents in the plot of the Song of the Nibelungers (Das Nibelungen Lied).*

The institution of the laws and customs of chivalry brought with it a peculiar literature. Germany—the southern portion, Austria, and Thuringia in particular—had its Minstrels and Minnesingers, who became as popular at the German courts as were the troubadours and Provençaux in the bowers of France and England. The legends of Prince Arthur and the "Holy Gral" date from this period. The catalogue of the minnesingers includes many noble and even some royal names. Versification became a fashion, and

* The opening lines of this magnificent song sufficiently explain its purport. They run thus :—

"Uns ist in alten Mœren, Wunders vil geseit,
Von Helden lobebœren, von grozer Kuonheit;
Von Vröuden, Hôchgezîten, von Weinen und von Klagen,
Von Kuener Recken striten muget ir nu Wunder hœren sagen."

the poet was sure of entertainment and patronage at the court of the German prince.

The lyrical poetry of this period is trivial in form, and of small literary value; it possesses, however, in a high degree, the element which gave its elevation to chivalry, and which operated as a check to the irresponsible power of the great in the middle ages—respect and devotion to the weaker sex. Walter von der Vogelweide, 1170-1226—Heinrich Frauenlob (the woman-praiser), 1250-1318—Wolfram von Eschenbach, and many other minstrels, come under this category. Satirical poetry, first bursting forth in little rills against the aristocracy, and at length rolling in a powerful stream against churchmen and church abuses, now begins to gain the ascendant; chivalry, with its songs, falls into disrepute, and becomes an object of caricature; a deep religious contest engrosses the minds of the populace, and one great man arises to exert an influence equally conspicuous in the religious and in the literary history of his age. A new era of national writing may be dated from the 31st October, 1517, when Martin Luther publicly upheld the ninety-five theses he had nailed to the door of the castle church at Wittenberg.

Throughout all the song literature of the sixteenth century the religious element predominates. With the Emperor Maximilian, "the last of the knights," as historians call him, the age of chivalric poetry passed away; and *Theuerdank*, the famous allegorical poem, wherein is represented the Kaiser's marriage with Mary of Burgundy, forms the last link in the series of knightly romaunts. The great religious struggle of the century began, and the literary ability of the time was enlisted on either side of the contest.

Thus the satirist, Thomas Murner, after graphically exposing the abuses of the Romish church, plied his pen with much acrimony against Luther, and was invited by Henry VIII. to England, on the strength of this literary activity. But, on the side of the Protestants, song was a powerful vehicle for the representation of doctrines and dogmas. The Reformers, who had justly raised their voices against the subject-matter of the ballads then in vogue among the people, borrowed the shape and structure of the popular songs of the day for the erection of a purer and higher lyrical standard. Some of the more rigid teachers of Protestantism seem to have objected to songs generally, and to have countenanced the writing of hymns principally as a means of getting rid of a great evil; and this intolerance was not confined to songs of an objectionable character, but was extended to every lyrical production of a political or humorous tendency. That the great leader of the Reformation cannot have entertained these extreme views is indicated by his having written a poetical eulogy of music generally, under the title "Frau Musica," and a distich of a still more explicit kind, which runs—

"Wer nicht liebt Weib, Wein, and Gesang,
Bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang." *

Among the inestimable services rendered by Luther to Germany, his having been the founder of a new school of sacred songwriting is, perhaps, not the least. Through his own efforts, and the effect of his example on his friends, collections of noble hymns were called into being, which have,

* Who loveth not wife, wine, and song
Remaineth a fool his whole life long.

in spite of all changes of poetical taste and feeling, maintained their high position in every congregational collection of hymns throughout Protestant Germany. It is scarcely necessary to point to the grandeur of the lyric, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," or to the sweet simplicity of the "Christmas Carol for Children," and of the "Vater unser." Alberus, Dachstein, Justus Jonas, Hegenwaldt, Spengler, and many others, had a share in the authorship of Luther's hymn-books. The best collection of the religious songs of Germany, from the time of Luther to that of A. Blaurer, is the excellent and laborious one compiled by K. E. P. Wackernagel.

The religious movement which had agitated Germany now manifested itself in the production of dramas on sacred subjects, interspersed with efforts of a humourous character. As a tragic poet, Rebhuhn stands pre-eminent; in the lighter department, Hans Sachs, "the cobbler bard." This prolific author produced, in the space of about half a century, the almost incredible number of six thousand two hundred and sixty pieces, comprising merry comedies, mournful tragedies, farces (schwänke), dialogues, and an infinity of songs, serious and gay. The tragic productions of Hans Sachs are far inferior in merit to his poems on lighter subjects; the latter are written with true poetic feeling. Some of his hymns, also, are pre-eminent among the sacred songs of the age. Johann Fischart, the author of "Till Eulenspiegel," is the only contemporary writer whose works can bear comparison with those of Hans Sachs.

The seventeenth century brought with it the memorable struggle known as the "Thirty Years' War." It is natural

to suppose that, while the eyes of all men were turned upon the leaders of the contest, and while every ear was strained to catch the first sound of each new event, the song literature of the period should choose as its chief subject the chances and changes of the battle field. This has been the case; and every important turn in the fortune of the war—the repulse of Wallenstein from Stralsund—the frightful devastation of Magdeburg—the battle of Lützen—the death of Gustavus Adolphus—each memorable action, advance, or retreat, has been recorded in song, till an almost inexhaustible budget has accumulated. Some pieces are written in a serious, the majority, however, in a satirical vein. The favourite hero of these war songs is the gallant Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus. Among the whimsical effusions called into being by the events of the time, is a song with the strange title, "Tilly-Schwedisches Concert und Contrapunct, von groben schweren Nothen darvon die Köpffe bluten, und zum Final ein hartes Schwedisches Obendrauf oder Zugab"—(*Tilly-Swedish Concerto and Counterpoint, of rude heavy notes which make the heads bleed; and for the finale a hard Swedish conclusion or supplement.*) This was an outburst of triumph on the occasion of the Swedish king's victory over Tilly, at Leipsic. Its date is 1632.

The troopers' songs of the Thirty Years' War are not devoid of a certain broad humour, and here and there exhibit even gleams of pathos. But the remaining portion of the period's literature is inferior to that of the preceding century. The form of the German tongue was changing. A weak, tasteless style, encumbered by the introduction of French and Latin words, was gradually usurping the place

of the vigorous, healthy language into which Luther had translated the Scriptures. The boundless misery entailed upon the German empire by the presence of the mercenaries of Wallenstein, and of the marauding troops of Saxony, who fed upon the land like locusts, could not have any but an unfavourable influence upon the men who lived during this period of anarchy and distress. All things considered, the wonder is, not that there should be a dearth of poetry during the Thirty Years' War, but that the character of the literature it has to offer is not more gloomy and despairing.

Efforts were made to counteract the destructive tendencies of the times by the formation of literary societies (Sprachgesellschaften). Foremost among these stands the Fruchtbringende Gesellschaft (Fruit-bearing Society), formed in 1617 by two princes of Anhalt, several Saxon princes, and a number of notabilities;—its object being to revive the purity of the German language. Various similar fraternities were founded in succession; among others the *Gesellschaft der Pegnitz schäfer* (*Pegnitz shepherds*), and the *Elbschwanenorden* (order of Elbe-swans). None of these societies would seem to have achieved very important results. The "fruit-bearing society" yielded but scanty literary crops, and the only advantage secured by the whole movement appears to be that it kept alive, among the higher classes at any rate, the embers of an interest for poetry. Becker, a teacher at the Leipsic Thomasschule, was the author of various hymns of more than ordinary merit. But the man who at this time deserved better than any other poet of the period at the hands of his countrymen, and who is looked upon, to a great

extent, as the father of modern German poetry, was Martin Opitz. This writer strove manfully, and successfully, to raise the poetry of his nation to the Lutheran standard. The reproach of having, in his writings, paid too exclusive a court to the princes of his time, has been frequently cast at Opitz; but he can scarcely be blamed for having endeavoured to diffuse an interest for literature among the only class who could advance its cause. Unconsciously, however, he became the founder of a species of court poetry, which does not occupy an honourable position in the literary annals of his country.

A more important fraternity of poets than had yet appeared arose at Königsberg, in or about the year 1646. The originator of the society was Heinrich Albert, organist at Königsberg. The meetings of the club were at first held in the garden of the founder, who composed music for many of the songs which were there read. Robert Roberthin, born at Königsberg in 1600, was the most influential member of the club, though the name of Simon Dach, the author of "Annie of Tharaw," is the one most intimately identified with the Königsberg society.

Some clever satires of J. Riemer, who wrote under the name of Reinhold, are worthy of mention. They are directed against the prevailing rage for introducing foreign words into German writings—a custom reprehended by many German poets of the period, who seem to have overlooked the fact that the introduction of a foreign form and spirit into their poetry was doing far greater injury to its national character than the use of foreign terms. A satirical "Song à-la-mode," in which this confusion of terms is ridiculed,

has a most comic effect. The song (the foreign words of which are printed in italics) reads as follows:—

Reverirte Dame,
Phœnix meiner *Ame,*
Gebt mir *audienz.*
Euer Gunst *meriten,*
Machen zu *falliten*
Meine *patienz.*

Ach ich *admirire*
Und *considerire*
Eure *violentz;*
Wie die Liebesflamme
Mich brennt sonder *blasme,*
Gleich der Pestilentz.

Ihr seid sehr *capable,*
Ich bin *peu valable*
In der *Eloquentz;*
Aber mein *serviren*
Pflegt zu *dependiren*
Von der *Influentz.*

Meine *Larmes* müssen
Von den *joues* Flüssen
Nach der Sing *cadentz;*
Wie der Rhein *couliret*
Und sich *degorgiret*
Nächst bei *Cobelentz.*

Solche *Amartume*
Macht *Neptuno Ruhme*
In *Oceans* Grentz,—
Komt ihr Flussnajaden
Und ihr Meertriaden
Schaut die *Consequentz.*

Belle, werd ihr lieben
Und nicht mehr betrüben
Eure *Conscientz;*
Werdt ihr *rejouiren*
Die im Meer *versiren*
Nach der *Aparentz.*

Die *Coquilles* tragen
Werden *tandem* fragen
Nach der *Excellentz,*
So die *taliteten*
Adulciret hätten
Durch die *Abstinentz.*

Abstinentz von Hassen
Und sich lieben lassen
Sonder *Insolentz,*
Kann das Meer versüssen,
Bis zu euren Füssen
Macht Euch *Reverentz.*
Confusius von Ollapodrida.

At the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth century, German poetry appears in a more hopeless condition than during the convulsions of the Thirty Years' War. The coarseness which abounded in the songs of the troopers had given place to a wide-spread depravity, badly concealed beneath a thin cloak of so-called gallantry. Founded on foreign models, badly followed and clumsily imitated, the songs of the beginning of the seventeenth century were not more likely to gain a permanent hold on

the affections of the people than were the ditties of the Corydon and Phyllis school in England. Some clever students' songs certainly occur; but the general literary aspect of the first half of this century is barren, immoral, and licentious.

The first symptoms of a healthier tone are to be found in the writings of Haller and Hageorn, who endeavoured to elevate the taste of their readers by giving them vivid and faithful representations of nature, in contradiction to the literary dictator of the time, Gottsched, whose artificial style, "correctly dull and regularly low," was only too universally lauded and emulated. The "Bremer Beyträge" (*Bremen Contributions*), a periodical with which most of the literary celebrities of the time were connected, appeared from the year 1745 to 1759. The poems in this collection are not of a high order, and the publication itself degenerated at length into licence and frivolity; miserable effusions in the style of Grecourt and of the "*Contes*" of La Fontaine being freely admitted. It is remarkable that the fourth volume of the periodical contains the three first cantos of Klopstock's "Messiah;" and the fact that this glorious poem was not admitted without hesitation, forms a sufficient commentary on the discernment of Klopstock's contemporaries. The latter portion of the work is full of adulation of Frederick the Great.

The Seven Years' War naturally gave employment to the pens of song writers. Gleim, Ramler, E. von Kleist, Schubart, Cronengk, Willamov, and many others, sang the praises of the Prussian hero Frederick, while Rautenbach, with a small band of supporters, took up the cause of Maria

Theresa. The nameless poets of the bivouac were for their part not silent; and the anonymous songs, "Fridericus Rex" and "Als die Preussen marschirten vor Prag," enjoyed a popularity which never fell to the share of the effusions from the pens of the accredited poets. The songs of Gleim may be taken as specimens of this school of writing. Goethe says, in reference to them, "The war-songs of Gleim have held so high a position among German poems from the fact that they arose with the events they record, and, moreover, because they possess the happy appearance of having been written by one of the combatants in the highest moment of excitement; which makes us feel their entire weight. The Prussians, and with them the Protestant part of Germany, thus obtained for their literature a treasure which the opposite party lacked, and the want of which no exertion afterwards enabled them to supply."

The great names of Klopstock and Lessing now appeared on the scene of German literature, and the reign of the Gottsched school was at an end. Klopstock threw into his poem the "Messiah," the whole power of his grand genius; and the effect he produced on German literature was deep and permanent. Lessing began to write when Gottsched's throne was tottering; and the restless life which animated all his writings was the very element still wanting to procure the fall of pedantry and affectation. The Göttinger Dichterbund (Göttingen Poetical Society), formed in 1772, is interesting from the association of its members with the "*Musen Almanache*" (Almanacks of the Muses), which appeared at intervals throughout a series of years; one

series being edited for a long period by Bürger, the celebrated author of "Lenore." The founders of this society were a number of young Göttingen students. Foremost among them stood Voss, Boie, Hölty, Miller, Ewald, Hahn, and Bürger. Admiration of Klopstock and Lessing was the bond which first united these young spirits, and one of their earliest meetings was devoted to a celebration of the great poet's birthday. Detestation of Wieland, the corrupter of morals, as they called him, was almost as powerful with them as the other feeling, and at the banquet in question a copy of the obnoxious poet's works was publicly torn, and the leaves, whimsically enough, used for pipelights. The merry meetings of the Göttingen Society were soon interrupted by the more serious avocations of life. The young poets were quickly obliged to give up their golden dreams of song under the pressure of impending necessity. Poverty was the lot of the majority of them; and even Bürger was for a long time subjected to the pressure of want. Some of the most gifted members of the fraternity died young; the rest were scattered here and there by fortune; and the Göttingen Society quickly fell to pieces. It was not, however, without its beneficial influence on the literature of Germany. The "Musen Almanache" increased in number and variety, and one of them was edited by Schiller himself.

The works of Schiller and Goethe, the two greatest geniuses of Germany, revolutionised every department of literature. The influence of Goethe begins with his first work, "Gôtz von Berlichingen;" that of Schiller with the publication of "The Robbers." Throughout the works

both of Goethe and Schiller a number of songs are scattered, which are too well known and appreciated to need comment.

The writings of the romantic school of poets, who flourished at the commencement of the present century, contain a number of good songs. The war of liberation in Germany called forth a number of patriotic lays, most of them formed more or less on the model of Körner's admirable lyrics. Schenkendorff, Arnim, Eichendorff, Kleist, and more than all, Moritz Arndt, are representatives of this school of song writers. When the contest against the power of Napoleon had ended with the downfall of the French emperor, the fiery enthusiasm which had vented itself in songs of defiance and hate towards the foreign invader unfortunately sought an outlet in the production of songs of an inflammatory and revolutionary tendency. These songs are in general blatant and weak, magniloquent indeed in expression, but lacking that earnestness and depth which gave force to Körner's lyrics. They were, however, considered sufficiently dangerous to ensure the expatriation of several young poets, and the suspension from his office even of such a man as Arndt. Political songs are now forbidden in the vocal associations of Germany—a circumstance to be regretted in many respects. The songs written during the war with Napoleon are far superior to any produced during the Gleim period. They bear the stamp of reality, are less burdened with bombast than were their predecessors, and have evidently been called forth by real enthusiasm. As specimens may be cited Körner's "Battle Prayer," Arndt's song "Der Gott der

Eisen wachsen liess," and Schenkendorff's "Erhebt euch von der Erde."

It is among the poets of the last forty years, however, that we must look for the best song writers. Uhland, G. Schwab, Mayer, Rückert, J. Kerner, Platen, Geibel, Herwegh, Heine, have contributed plentifully to the fund of German song in all its departments. One writer whose songs deserve greater attention in England than has yet been awarded to them, is worthy of especial mention. This is Robert Reinick, the painter and poet, who died in 1850. No man has been so happy as Reinick in portraying the emotions of trusting and innocent affection. His songs are redolent, moreover, of the corn-field and the green-wood; and the "Lieder und Bilder," enriched by illustrations contributed by some of the first artists in Düsseldorff, are well worthy the perusal of the student.



Military and Patriotic Songs.

THE military songs given as specimens of this department are all more or less modern. The songs of the period of the Thirty Years' War, though almost innumerable, are generally too long for translation, or do not offer any point of interest. They belong, moreover, rather to a collection of "Historical Popular Ballads," than to the division of war songs. The revolutionary productions of 1848 (Barrikadenlieder) have been entirely omitted. They are mostly formed upon the basis of Körner, and would scarcely be considered an acquisition. A greater number of Körner's songs might have been given, but his productions have already found translators.





TAKING UP QUARTERS.

(Beim Einrücken ins Quartier.)

Date and Author uncertain.

SOLDIERS are coming, good people, be gay!
Singing we greet ye—hurrah—sa—sa—sa!
Come from the German land,
As you all understand,
Take up our quarters so gleesome with you.

Strengthening fare and a welcoming glance,
More than rare dainties, our pleasures enhance;
When we to drink begin,
Host, in our song join in—
"Health to the soldier, and health to our land."

Germans are merry, are ready and right,
Gallant to maidens, and keen in the fight;
Warmly their blood doth flow—
Kiss, wine, and battle-glow,
True word they love, and a boisterous song.

Maidens, I warn ye, your hearts guard aright,
Love oft steals in like a thief in the night!
When we at morn depart,
Many a lonely heart,
Many a tearful eye follows our track.

Home hath the soldier none where he may rest;
Here he's to-day, *there* to-morrow a guest;—
Home and love change we all,
Till the pale reaper's call
To our last head quarters bids us away.

ORIGINAL.

LUSTIG ihr Leute, Soldaten sind da!
Grüssen euch singend, Juchheira—sa—sa!
Sind aus dem Deutschen Land,
Wie euch gar wohl bekannt,
Kommen fein lustig zu euch ins Quartier.

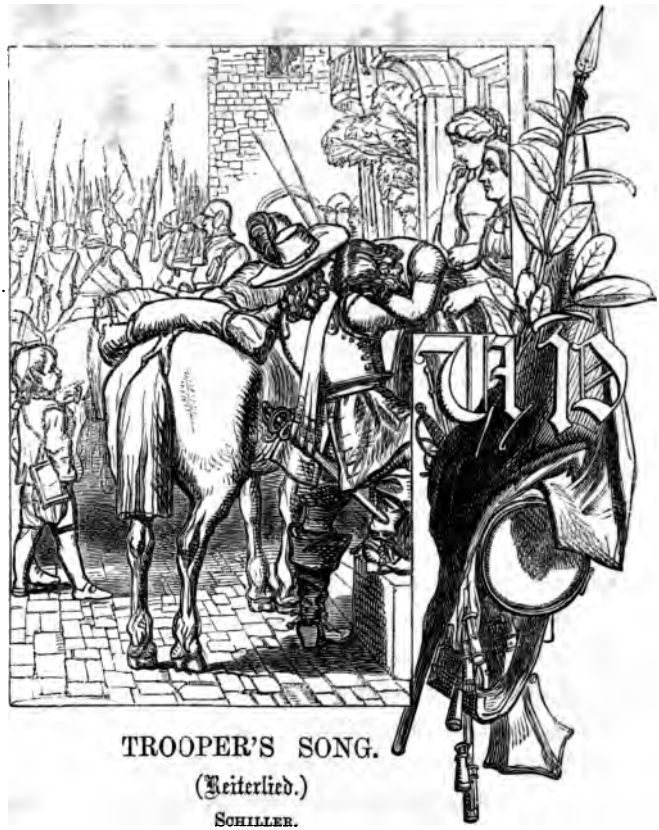
Nahrhafte Kost und ein frohes Gesicht,
Geht uns weit über ein köstlich Gericht;—
Bringt man den Trunk herein,
Stimme der Wirth mit ein,
Hoch lebe Deutschland, hoch leb' der Soldat.

Teutsche sind munter, sind immer bereit,
Sanft bei den Mädchen, erfahren im Streit,
Lieben mit heissem Blut,
Kuss, Wein, und Kriegesglut,
Trauliches Wort, und ein fröhliches Lied.

Mädchen, ich sag' euch, nehmt's Herzchen in Acht,
Liebe kommt oft wie der Dieb in der Nacht,
Wenn's Morgen weiter geht,
Manche wohl einsam steht,
Schauet betrübt und voll Thränen uns nach.

Denn der Soldat hat nie Ruhe noch Rast,
Heut ist er hier, und dort morgen zu Gast;
Lieb' und Ort wechseln wir,
Bis uns ins Hauptquartier
Einstens der knöcherne Sensemann ruft.





TROOPER'S SONG.

(Reiterlied.)

SCHILLER.

UP, up, brave comrades!—to horse, to horse!
To the field where we freedom merit!
Where still is valued the brave man's force,—
Where we weigh in the scale his spirit!
In war no man for his friend may stand,
Where each one fights for his own right hand.
Chor. In war no man, &c.

All freedom hath fled from this world of guile,
But tyrants and serfs remaining;
Now flourish lying and treason vile,
O'er cowardly mortals reigning.
Who looks on death with unblenching brow,
The soldier alone is the free man now!
Chor. Who looks on death, &c.

The troubles of life he away hath thrown,
Small need his for care or sorrow;
To meet his fate he rides boldly on,
It may be to-day or to-morrow.
It may be to-morrow; then let us to-day
To the dregs quaff the goblet of time while we may!
Chor. It may be to-morrow, &c.

Our merry lot from the sky falls down,
We seek not to fill our measure;
The bondman grubs in the earth so brown,
Still weening to lift a treasure;
He digs and shovels till life is past,
And digs but a trench for his grave at last.
Chor. He digs and shovels, &c.

The trooper bold, and his steed so gay,
Are hated guests and dreaded;
Where the bride-lamps gleam he will find his way,
Unasked, to the feast of the wedded;
Nor shows he money, nor long he'll plead;
With his sword, like a soldier, he'll gain his meed.
Chor. Nor shows he money, &c.

Why weep'st thou, maiden?—what grieves thee so?
Let him go, let him go, I pray thee;
He owns no home in this earth below,
Nor love nor troth can he pay thee.
His rapid fortune tears him away,
And therefore his heart with none may stay.
Chor. His rapid fortune, &c.

Then up, brave comrades, and saddle and ride,
For the fight each bold heart beating;
Youth rolls through our veins life's foaming tide,—
Up! ere time quench the spirit fleeting:
And whoso casts not his life in the scale,
To win life's gladness shall surely fail!
Chor. And whoso casts not his life in the scale,
To win life's gladness shall surely fail.

ORIGINAL.

AUFLAUF, Kameraden, auf's Pferd, auf's Pferd,
In's Feld, in die Freiheit gezogen!—
Im Felde, da ist der Mann noch was werth,
Da wird das Herz noch gewogen;
Da tritt kein And'rer für ihn ein,
Auf sich selber steht er da, ganz allein.—
Chor. Da tritt kein And'rer, &c.

Aus der Welt die Freiheit verschwunden ist,
Man sieht nur Herren und Knechte;
Die Falschheit herrscht, und die Hinterlist
Bei dem feigen Menschengeschlechte;

Der dem Tod in's Angesicht schauen kann,
Der Soldat allein ist der freie Mann.
Chor. Der dem Tod in's Angesicht, &c.

Des Lebens Aengsten er wirft sie weg,
Hat nicht mehr zu fürchten, zu sorgen,
Er reitet dem Schicksal entgegen keck,
Trifft's heut nicht, trifft es doch morgen;
Und trifft es morgen, so lasset uns heut,
Noch schlürfen die Neige der köstlichen Zeit.
Chor. Und trifft es morgen, &c.

Von dem Himmel fällt ihm sein lustig Loos,
Braucht's nicht mit Müh zu erstreben;
Der Fröhner der sucht's in der Erde Schoos,
Da meint er den Schatz zu erheben;
Er gräbt und schaufelt so lang er lebt,
Und gräbt, bis er endlich sein Grab sich gräbt.
Chor. Er gräbt und schaufelt, &c.

Der Reiter und sein geschwindes Ross,
Sie sind gefürchtete Gäste;
Es flimmern die Lampen im Hochzeitschloss,
Ungeladen kommt er zum Feste;
Er wirbt nicht lange, er zeigt kein Gold,
Im Sturm erringt er der Minne Sold.
Chor. Er wirbt nicht lange, &c.

Warum weinet die Dirn' und zergrämt sich schier,
Lass fahren dahin, lass fahren,
Er hat auf Erden kein bleibend quartier,
Kann treue Lieb' nicht bewahren;

Das rasche Schicksal es treibt ihn fort,
Seine Ruhe lässt er an keinem Ort.
Chor. Das rasche Schicksal, &c.

Drum frisch Kameraden, den Rappen gezäumt,
Die Brust im Gefechte gelüftet;
Die Jugend brauset, das Leben schäumt,
Frisch auf, eh' der Geist uns verdüftet;
Und setzet ihr nicht das Leben ein,
Nie wird euch das Leben gewonnen seyn.
Chor. Und setzet ihr nicht das Leben ein,
Nie wird euch das Leben gewonnen seyn.

COUNT EBERHARD, THE WEEPER OF WURTEMBERG.

[WAR-SONG.]

(Graf Eberhard der Greiner von Würtemberg.—Kriegslied.)

SCHILLER.

YE!—ye, there, in the world without,
Lift not your heads so grand!
Men hath it borne, and heroes stout,
Alike for peace or battle-rout,—
Our gallant Swabian land!

Boast of your Edward, Fred'ric, Charles,
And Ludwig as ye might,
Charles, Fred'ric, Ludwig, Edward too,
Was Eberhard, our count so true,—
A tempest in the fight.

The county's boy, young Ulric, too,
Loved well the iron clang;
The county's boy, young Ulric, too,
No footfall backward ever drew,
Where men to saddle sprang.

The Reutlingers brew'd vengeance-pain
To see our names so bright;
And strove the victor's wreath to gain,
And many a sword-dance dared maintain,
And drew their girdles tight.

He gave them war,—beshrew the fight
Whence beaten home he came!
The father's brow was black as night,—
The youthful warrior fled the light,
And wept for very shame.

That gall'd him: "Ah, ye knaves, beware!"
(And kept it in his soul)—
"Now by my father's beard I swear
To grind the notch my sword doth bear
On many a townsman's poll!"

Nor long the time ere rose a feud:
Forth sallied horse and man;
Toward Döffingen the army stood,
And brighter grew the younker's mood,
And hot the fight began.

The watchword to our men that day
Was given—"the ill-starr'd fight"—
That drove us like the storm away,
And lodged us deep in bloody fray,
And in the lances' night.

Our youthful Count, with lion's wrath,
Swung high his hero-glaive;
Wild battle-roar before his path,
Wailing and groans his feet beneath,
And all around—the grave.

But woe! ah, woe! a ghastly sword
Fell heavy on his head;
The hero-band surround their lord
In vain; young Ulric on the sward
With glassy eyes lay dead.

Then horror stayed the battle's plan,
Tears from all eyes 'gan flow;
But ho!—the count to charge began—
"My son is as another man;
March, children, on the foe!"

And fiercer rageth now the fight,
For vengeance spurs them well;
Forth o'er the corpses went their might,
And townsmen flying left and right
O'er forest, hill, and dell.

And blythely all our clarions rang
When to our camp hied we;
And wives and children gaily sang,
'Mid dances' whirl and beaker-klang,
To praise our victory.

But Eberhard, what doth he here?
Before him lies his son;
Within his tent, no mortal near,
The Count hath dropt one sparkling tear
That silent form upon.

Therefore, with love so true and warm,
Around the Count we stand;
Alone, he is a hero-swarm—
The thunder rageth in his arm,—
The star of Swabian land.

Then, ye there in the world without,
Lift not your heads so grand!
Men hath it borne, and heroes stout,
Alike in peace and battle-rout,
Our gallant Swabian land.

Eberhard, of Würtemberg, called the "Weeper," and "der Rauschebart," the "Rustle-beard," and his son Ulric, are the heroes of many German ballads. Uhland has related several incidents of their lives in a series of short poems, one of which, "Die Döffinger Schlacht," records the death of Ulric and the firmness of his father. The following verse occurs :—

" 'Da ruft der alte Recke den nichts erschüttern kann,
Erschreckt nicht, der gefallen ist wie ein andrer Mann.
Schlagt drein!—die Feinde fliehen!'—Er ruft's mit Donnerlaut;
Wie rauscht sein Bart im Winde! hei! wie der Eber haut."

THE OLD SOLDIER TO HIS CLOAK.

(Der alte Reiteran seinen Mantel.)



THOU cloak now thirty years art old,
Hast tempest seen ere now;
Still to me like a brother clinging,
And when round us the battle was ringing,
Then trembled nor I nor thou.

We've lain together many a night,
While wet to the skin were we;
Old friend, thou hast warmed me bravely,
And what on my heart press'd gravely
I've trusted, my cloak, to thee.

Thou ne'er hast wronged my confidence,
Thou still wert good and true;
In nowise hast thou offended,
So, cloak, I'll not have thee mended;
I would not see thee new.

An' if they please all men may laugh,
I'll prize thee, spite of all;
For where thou art torn and tatter'd
Thou'st been by the bullets batter d—
Each hole is there for a ball.

And when the last ball comes one day
My German heart to wound,
Dear cloak, let them spread thee o'er me:
'Tis the last thing thou'lt do for me;
In thee they shall wrap me round.

There will we sleep together,
Till the "reveille" in the grave:
The "reveille" with life will inspire us,
Therefore am I so desirous
My faithful old cloak to have.

This is an old song, well known in Germany. Several texts exist, some of them comprising more verses than the form here given, which Fink ("Musikalischer Hausschatz der Deutschen") considers the oldest. L. Erk, in his collection of German popular songs, has given several of these variations.



THE RICHEST PRINCE.

(Der Reichste Fürst.)

J. Kerner.

All their wealth and vast possessions
Vaunting high in choicest terms,
Sat the German princes feasting
In the knightly hall of Worms.

"Mighty!" cried the Saxon ruler,
"Are the wealth and power I wield;
In my country's mountain gorges
Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"See my land with plenty glowing,"
Quoth the Palsgrave of the Rhine;
"Beauteous harvests in the valleys,
On the mountains noble wine."

"Spacious towns and wealthy convents,"
Lewis spake, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your fields afford."

Würtemberg's belovéd monarch,
Eberhard the Bearded, cried—
See, my land hath little cities,
'Mong my hills no metals bide;

"Yet one treasure it hath borne me:—
Sleeping in the woodland free,
I may lay my head in safety
On my lowliest vassal's knee."

Then, as with a single utt'rance,
Cried aloud those princes three:
"Bearded Count, thy land hath jewels!
Thou art wealthier far than we!"

ORIGINAL.

PREISEND mit viel schönen Reden,
Ihrer Länder Werth und Zahl,
Sassen viele Teutsche Fürsten
Einst zu Worms im Rittersaal.

"Herrlich," sprach der Fürst von Sachsen,
"Ist mein Land und seine Macht;
Silber hegen seine Berge
Wohl in manchem tiefen Schacht."

"Seht mein Land in upp'ger Fülle,"
Sprach der Pfalzgraf von dem Rhein;
"Gold 'ne Saaten in den Thälern,
Auf den Bergen edler Wein."

"Grosse Städte, reiche Klöster,"
Ludwig, Herr zu Bayern, sprach,—
"Schaffen, dass mein Land dem euren,
Wohl nicht steht an Schätzen nach."

Eberhard, der mit dem Barte,
Würtemberg's geliebter Herr,
Sprach, "Mein Land hat kleine Städte,
Trägt nicht Berge silber-schwer.

"Doch ein Kleinod hält's verborgen;—
Dass in Wäldern noch so gross,
Ich mein Haupt kann kühnlich legen,
Jedem Unterthan in Schoss."

Und es rief der Herr von Sachsen,
Der von Bayern, der vom Rhein:
"Graf im Bart, ihr seid der Reichste,
Euer Land trägt Edelstein!"

Justinus Kerner, born September 18, 1786, at Ludwigsburg, is the author of many of the most popular songs of Germany. His works extend over a period of more than forty years, the first publication of his poems dating from the year 1811; the last collection having been made in 1852. If we judge Kerner by the popularity obtained by some of his lyrics, a high position must be assigned to him among the song writers of Germany. The foregoing song, and a "Wanderlied," beginning "Wohlauf noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein," have become national property.



HUSSAR'S SONG.

(Husaren-lied.)

Period of the Seven Years' War.

THERE'S naught so gay this earth can yield,
Nor aught so swift and light,
As are we hussars, when we're afield,
Or rushing through the fight.
When it roars and cracks like thunder-sound.
Then shoot we red as rose;
When blood is spurting all around,
'Tis then our courage glows!

Prime ye your pistols—ride ye on,
Now, brave hussars, away;
Draw sword, and down with every one
Who standeth in your way!
You understand not Frenchman's speech—
Your care need not be great;—
Lads, he'll have little time to preach
The while you cleave his pate!

What though in any gallant fight
My comrade brave should fall;
That ne'er shall damp our courage light—
Stand we not ready all?—
Our body moulders in the tomb,
Our garb on the earth shall lie;
Our soul shall speed to its heavenly home,
Aloft in the bright blue sky!



FREDERICUS REX.

WILLIBALD ALEXIS.

FREDERICUS REX, our king and lord,
To all of his soldiers "To arms!" gave the word;

"Two hundred battalions, a thousand squadrons here!"
And he gave sixty cartridges to each grenadier.

"You rascally fellows," his majesty began,
"Look that each of you stands for me in battle like a man
They're grudging Silesia and Glatz to me,
And the hundred millions in my treasury.

"The Empress with the French an alliance has signed,
And raised the Roman kingdom against me, I find;
The Russians my territories do invade,
Up, and show 'em of what stuff we Prussians are made.

"My generals, Schwerin, and Field-marshal Von Keit,
And Major-general Ziethen, are all ready quite.
By the thunders and lightnings of battle, I vow,
They don't know Fritz and his soldiers now.

"Now farewell, Louisa; Louisa, dry your eyes;
Not straight to its mark ev'ry bullet flies;
For if all the bullets should kill all the men,
From whence should we kings get our soldiers then?

"The musket bullet makes a little round hole,
A much larger wound both the cannon ball dole;
The bullets are all of iron and lead,
Yet many a bullet misses many a head.

"Our guns they are heavy and well supplied,
Not one of the Prussians to the foe hath hied;
The Swedes they have cursed bad money, I trow;
If the Austrians have better, who can know?

"The French king pays his soldiers at his ease,
We get it, stock and stiver, every week, if we please;
By the thunders and the lightnings of battle, I say,
Who gets like the Prussian so promptly his pay?"

Fredericus, my king, whom the laurel doth grace,
Hadst thou but now and then let us plunder some place,
Fredericus, my hero, I verily say,
We'd drive for thee the devil from the world away.

ORIGINAL.

FREDERICUS REX, unser König und Herr,
Der rief seine Soldaten allsammt in's Gewehr,
"Zwei hundert Batallions, an die tausend Schwadronen,"
Und jeder Grenadier kriegte sechzig Patronen.

"Ihr vertrackten Kerls," sprach seine Majestät,
"Dass jeder in der Bataille seinen Mann mir steht.
Sie gönnen mir nicht Schlesien und die Grafschaft Glatz,
Und die hundert Millionen in meinem Schatz.

"Die Kais'rin hat sich mit den Franzosen alliirt
Und das römische Reich gegen mich revoltirt;
Die Russen seind gefallen in Preussen ein;
Auf, lasst uns zeigen dass wir Preussen sein.

"Meine Generale Schwerin, und Field-marschall Keith,
Und der General-major von Ziethen sind allemal bereit,
Potz Mohren, Blitz, Hagel, und Kreuz Element*,
Wer den Fritz und seine Soldaten noch nicht kennt.

* The reader will perceive that this line has not been translated *literally*.

" Nun adjö, Lowise, Lowise wisch ab dein Gesicht,
Jedwedige Kugel die trifft ja nicht;
Denn träfe jedwedige Kugel ihren Mann,
Wo kriegten wir Könige Soldaten dann.

" Die Musketenkugel macht ein kleines rundes Loch
Die Kanonenkugel macht ein viel grösseres noch,
Die Kugeln sind alle von Eisen und Blei,
Und manche Kugel geht manchem vorbei.

" Uns're Artillerie hat ein vostrefflich Kaliber,
Von den Preussen geht Keiner zu dem Feinde über;
Die Schweden die haben verd —t schlechtes Geld,
Wer weiss ob's der Oestreicher besser hält."

* * * * * *

Fredericus Rex, den der Lorbeer-kranz ziert,
Hättest du nur dann und wann das Plündern permittirt,
Fredericus Rex, mein König und Held
Wir jagten den Teufel für dich aus der Welt.

SONG OF VICTORY AFTER THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

(Sieges-lied nach der Schlacht bei Prag.)

GLEIM.

VICTORIA! with us is God,
Low lies the haughty foe!
He lieth low—just is our God!
Victoria! he lies low.

What though our father be no more?
He died a hero's death;
From starry dome he looketh o'er
Our conq'ring host beneath.

The noble vet'ran hied away
For God and fatherland,
His aged head was scarce so gray
As gallant was his hand!

With youthful fire his men he led,
And a standard graspéd he;
Swung it aloft above his head,
That every man might see.

And, "Children, to the hill!" he cried;
"'Gainst cannon and redoubt!"
Then man by man, and side by side,
Like lightning rushed we out.

But there, alas! our father fell;
He lay his flag beneath.

Oh, what a glorious tale to tell!
Schwerin—what happy death!

Thy Frederick hath wept for thee,
E'en while he gave command;
For vengeance on the enemy
Forth sallied all our band.

Thou, Henry, bor'st thee soldierly,
Thou fought'st in kingly wise;
At ev'ry gallant deed, to thee,
Thou lion, turned our eyes.

Markers, and Pomeranians, too,
Fought there like Christians stout;
Their swords were red; at every blow
The Pandours' blood gushed out.

From seven redoubts, in our career,
The bearskin caps we chased;
There, Frederick, thy grenadier,
O'er corse-heaps onward passed.

Deep in the murd'rous strife he thought
Of God, of home, and thee;
Nor 'mid the death-cloud could he aught
But thee, his Fred'rick, see.

Then trembled he, and 'mid the strife
His face hath fiery grown;
He trembled, Fred'rick, for thy life,
He recked not of his own.

The battle-tempest scorned he still,
 The cannon thund'ring high;
And fiercer yet he fought, until
 The foemen turned to fly.

The God of might now thanketh he,
 And sings Victoria;
And may this day's dark slaughter be
 On thee, Theresia.

And if, the treaty to defer,
 She still should find pretext,
Then, Fred'rick, storm thou Prague for her,
 And on to Vienna next!

The war-songs of Gleim, written to aid the cause of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, are all disfigured by a bombastic, hollow tone. Goethe accounts for the high estimation in which they were held by the fact that these lyrics all appear to be produced by one of the combatants, in all the fervour of a first enthusiasm. Other poets besides Gleim employed their muse to sing the praises of Frederick, with more or less success. Among these courtly writers may be mentioned V. Kleist Ramler, Willamov, Schubart, and Cronengk. Nor was the party of Maria Theresa destitute of its poetical staff, who endeavoured to turn into ridicule Frederick and the trumpeters of his fame. The last stanza of the above song has been parodied by Rautenbach, the poet-in-chief of the Imperialists, in the following words:—

"Erlaubst du es, so dringen wir
 Hervor, bis nach Berlin,
Und fragen: 'Warum gehet ihr,
 Ihr Feinde! nicht nach Wien?'"

Which may be rendered:—

"With thy permission, purpose we
 To travel to Berlin,
And ask: 'Now wherefore march not ye,
 Ye foes, to Vienna in?'"

It has been truly observed, "Had not the Prussians had their songs of 'Prince Eugene,' and 'The Battle of Prague,' Gleim's lyrics would scarcely have kept the memory of Frederick's campaigns alive among the people."

THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

(Die Prager Schlacht.)

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN the Prussians they marched against Prague,
'Gainst Prague, the beauteous town,—
They took up in camp a position,
They brought with them much ammunition;—
They brought their cannons to bear—
Schwerin was the leader there!

And forth rode Prince Henry then,
With his eighty thousand men.
"My army all would I give, now,
If that Schwerin did but live now.
What an ill, what a terrible ill,
That Schwerin they should shoot and kill!"

The trumpeter was then sent down,
To ask if they'd give up the town,
Or if it by storm must be taken?—
In the townsmen no fear did this waken;
Their city they would not give in;
The cannonade must needs begin.—

Now, who hath made this little song?
To three Hussars it doth belong;
In Seidlitz corps they enlisted,
In the army that Prague invested.—
O, Victory, hurrah, hurrah!
Old Fritz was there himself that day.

ORIGINAL.

ALS die Preussen marschirten vor Prag,
Vor Prag die schöne Stadt,—
Sie haben ein Lager geschlagen,
Mit Pulver und mit Blei ward's betragen,
Kanonen wurden drauf geführt,
Schwerin hat sie da kommandirt.

Da rückte Prinz Heinrich heran,
Wohl gar mit achtzigtausend Mann.
"Mein ganzes Heer wollt ich drum geben,
Wenn mein Schwerin noch wär' am Leben.
O Noth, o Noth, o grosse Kriegesnoth,
Schwerin der ist geschossen todt."

Drauf schickten sie ein'n Trompeter 'nein,
Ob sie Prag wollten geben ein,
Oder ob sie's sollten beschiessen ?—
Die Bürger liessen's sich nicht verdriessen,
Sie wollten die Stadt nicht geben ein,
Es sollt' und musst' geschossen seyn.—

Wer hat dies Liedelein erdacht,
Es haben's drei Husaren gemacht,—
Unter Seidlitz sind sie gewesen,
Bei Prag selbst mit gewesen.
O Sieg, O Sieg! hurrah, hurrah!
Der alte Fritz war selber da.

Military songs by anonymous authors are common throughout the wars of Frederick the Great. The rough effusion given above, and another of the same character, describing the taking of Belgrade by Prince Eugene, have retained their popularity to the present day.



A BATTLE PRAYER.

(Gebet während der Schlacht.)

TH. KÖRNER.

FATHER, I cry to thee!
Cannon smoke rolleth in clouds o'er me roaring,
War's jetted lightnings around me are pouring;

Lord of the battle, I cry to thee—
Father, oh lead thou me!

Father, oh lead thou me!
Lead me as victor, by death when I'm riven,
Lord, I acknowledge the law thou hast given;
E'en as thou wilt, Lord, so lead thou me—
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
So when the autumn leaves rustle around me,
So when the thunders of battle surround me,
Fountain of grace, I acknowledge thee—
Father, oh bless thou me!

Father, oh bless thou me!
Into thy care commend I my spirit;
Thou canst reclaim what from thee I inherit;
Living or dying, still bless thou me—
Father, I worship thee!

Father, I worship thee!
Not for earth's riches thy servants are fighting,
Holiest cause with our swords we are righting;
Conq'ring or falling, I worship thee—
God, I submit to thee!

God, I submit to thee!
When all the terrors of death are assailing,
When in my veins e'en the life blood is failing,
Lord, unto thee will I bow the knee!—
Father, I cry to thee!

ORIGINAL.

VATER, ich rufe dich!
Brüllend umwölkt mich der Dampf
der Geschütze;
Sprühend umzucken mich rasselnde Blitze!
Lenker der Schlachten, ich rufe dich!
Vater, du führe mich!

Vater, du führe mich!
Führ mich zum Siege, führ mich zum Tode!
Herr, ich erkenne deine Gebote;
Herr, wie du willst, so führe mich!
Gott, ich erkenne dich!

Gott, ich erkenne dich!
So im herbstlichen Rauschen der Blätter,
Als im Schlachtendonnerwetter;
Urquell der Gnade erkenn', ich dich!
Vater, du segne mich!

Vater, du segne mich!
In deine Hände befehl ich mein Leben;
Du kannst es nehmen, du hast es gegeben;
Zum Leben, zum Sterben, segne mich!
Vater, ich preise dich!

Vater, ich preise dich!
S'ist ja kein kampf für die Güter der Erde,
Das Heiligste schützen wer mit dem Schwerdte;
Drum, fallend und siegend, preis' ich dich!
Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!

Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüssen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fliessen:
Dir, mein Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Vater, ich rufe dich!

THEODOR KÖRNER, the poet-hero of the "War of Liberation," was born September 21st, 1791, at Dresden, studied at the University of Leipzig, and received an appointment as theatrical poet at Vienna. On the breaking out of the war against Napoleon, he enlisted as a volunteer in Lützow's corps, aiding the cause of freedom by the strength of his arm and the power of his muse. On the 26th of August, 1813, he fell in a skirmish near the village of Gadebusch. The fiery tone pervading his lyrics, and the brilliant valour of the young volunteer, have procured him a greater fame in Germany than usually falls to the share of one who died so young. "The fatal bullet," says Gödecke, "deprived them of a man, but left to the youth of Germany the inspiriting recollection of a hero."

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND

(Des Deutschen Vaterland.)

E. M. ARNDT.

WHAT is the German's fatherland?—
Is it Prussian land, or Swabian land?
Where the grape-vine glows on the Rhenish strand?
Where the seagull flies o'er the Baltic sand?—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Bavarian land, or Styrian land?

Now Austria it needs must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Pom'ranian land, Westphalian land?
Where o'er the sea-flats the sand is blown?
Where the mighty Danube rushes on?—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Say thou the name of the mighty land!
Is't Switzerland, or Tyrol, tell;—
The land and the people pleased me well!—
Ah, no!—Ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Name thou at length to me the land!—
Wherever in the German tongue,
To God in heaven hymns are sung;—
That shall it be,—that shall it be:
That, gallant German, is for thee!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where binds like oath the graspéd hand,—
Where from men's eyes truth flashes forth,
Where in men's hearts are love and worth!—
That shall it be!—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

It is *the whole of Germany!*
Look, Lord, thereon, we pray to thee!—
Let German spirit in us dwell,
That we may love it true and well!—
That shall it be,—that shall it be!
The whole, the whole of Germany!

ORIGINAL.

WAS ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
Ist's Preussen-land, ist's Schwabenland?—
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe glüht?
Ist's wo am Belt die Möve Zieht?—
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
Ist's Baier-land, ist's Steier-land,
Gewiss ist es das Oesterreich,
An Siegen und an Ehren reich?—
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
Ist's Pommer-land, Westphalen-land?
Ist's wo der Sand der Dünen weht?
Ist's wo die Donau brausend geht?—
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
So nenne mir das grosse Land!

Ist's Land der Schweitzer? Ist's Tyrol?
Das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl!
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land!
So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt.—
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein!
Das, wack'rer Deutsche, nenne dein!

Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland—
Wo Eide schwört der Druck der Hand;—
Wo Wahrheit ans dem ange blitzt,
Und Liebe warm im Herzen sitzt;—
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein!
Das, wack'rer Deutsche nenne dein.

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein!
Und gieb uns echten Deutschen Muth,
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut.
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

Next to Körner, who may be denominated the patriotic song-writer of Germany "par excellence," the man who by his lyrics exerted the greatest influence over the spirit of the German youth during the early portion of the present century was Ernst Moritz Arndt. This poet was born in 1779, at Schoritz, and during ten years of his early life occupied the post of professor in the little university Greifswalde. An ardent admirer of Bonaparte at the outset of the conqueror's career, Arndt's feelings towards the overturner of dynasties underwent a total and natural change during the period of the sub-

jugation of Germany. In his work the "Geist der Zeit" (Spirit of the Time), published in 1807, Arndt startled and terrified the whole of Germany by his denunciations of the emperor's plans, and by the fearless vehemence with which he declaimed against Bonaparte's unscrupulous proceedings. An order to arrest Arndt was rendered fruitless by the flight of the poet to Sweden, where he lived for a time under the protection of Gustavus Adolphus IV., until the death of that monarch forced the proscribed pamphleteer into still deeper retirement. Under the protection of a complete disguise he returned to Germany in 1812, and made the acquaintance of Blucher, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau. When the scale of victory at length turned, and the throne of Napoleon tottered to its fall, Arndt did incalculable service to his country's cause by the publication of his "War Songs" (Kriegslieder), which were more potent than the proclamations of princes to inflame the courage and refresh the spirits of the Germans, who declaimed and sang them round the evening watch-fire. Napoleon fell;—and a few years afterwards a professorship at Bonn was awarded to the author of the war songs. But, less fortunate than Körner, who fell gloriously with the first flush of his martial and poetic fame around him, Arndt, after the conclusion of the struggle which had given direction and meaning to his poems, became involved in political difficulties arising from his denunciation of "Promises Forgotten." His papers were seized, and, until the year 1840, he was compelled to live in retirement. To the present king of Prussia is due the credit of having recalled the veteran patriot to activity. By the youth of the University he was received with a shout of welcome. In the political operations of 1848, and the succeeding year, Arndt took a part, though not a conspicuous one. His poetical and political fame rest rather on the efforts of his youthful than of his riper years. Rückert, Anastasius Grün, Herwegh, and others of the modern German school of poets, have united in paying a graceful and manly tribute of praise to the character and services of the veteran bard.



BLUCHER.

WHY sound the brazen trumpets? Hussars, turn ye out!
The field-marshal is riding abroad in the rout!
How sitteth he so lightly his steed prancing by,
How gleameth it so brightly, his sword waved on high!
And here the Germans are; hurrah, and hurrah!
The Germans they are merry, they're shouting hurrah!

Oh, mark ye how his bright eyes are gleaming so kind?—
Oh, see ye how his gray locks do wave in the wind?—
Like ancient wine his age blooms, so freshly and free,
And therefore he the battle-field's guardian shall be.
And here the Germans are, &c.

He was the man who whilome, when none else could save,
Still looked in trust to Heaven, and still swung the glaive;
And deeply by the steel then on oath did he say,
The Frenchmen they should feel then how Germans repay.
And here the Germans are, &c.

He kept his oath when loudly the battle-call rang,
Oh, how the hoary youth then to saddletree sprang!
Full soon his gallant band all its might made them feel,
And swept them from the land with a besom of steel.
And here the Germans are, &c.

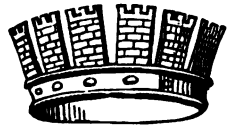
At Lützen, in the valley, such havoc he made,
That many a haughty Frenchman there lifeless was laid;
And thousands there were leaping and flying amain,
Ten thousand there were sleeping, who wake not again,
And here the Germans are, &c.

At Katzbach, on the water, was fame too for him,
'Twas there he taught the Frenchmen right deftly to swim.
Farewell, ye rascal Frenchmen; flee down to the sea,
Your graves, ye lawless scoundrels, the whale's maw shall be!
And here the Germans are, &c.

At Wartenburg, on the Elbe, too, he harassed them so,
Nor strong redoubt nor fortress could shelter the foe;
Again like timid hares o'er the field must they fly,
While at their heels our hero came shouting his cry!
And here the Germans are, &c.

At Leipsic on the plain,—oh, thrice honoured fight!
There perished with the Frenchmen, their glory and might;
And here the foes lie buried, and reck not their shame,
Here gained our gallant Blucher a field-marshal's name.
And here the Germans are, &c.

Then blow ye brazen trumpets! Hussars, turn ye out!
Then ride, thou brave field-marshal, abroad through the rout
To vict'ry! to the Rhine!—o'er the Rhine then advance—
Thou ancient, gallant sabre, right onward to France!
And here the Germans are, &c.





MEN AND KNAVES.

TH. KÖRNER.

THE people rise, the storm 's unchained!
Who, folding his arms, hath idle remained?
Fie on thee, knave by the chimney stone,
Crouching 'mid maidens and dames alone.
A wretched and pitiful wight art thou;
No German maiden will kiss thee now,—
To thee no song shall delight impart,
And German wine shall not glad thy heart.
Drink with me—men that be!
Waving our broadswords cheerily!

In the stormy night, when the wind blows cold,
In the driving rain, while our watch we hold,

Thou canst stretch thy length in the curtain'd bed,
Dreamily turning thy pillowed head.
A wretched and pitiful wight, &c.

When the trumpet's voice is heard abroad,
Stirring our hearts like the thunder of God,
In the theatre thou thy ease canst take,
And hear the ditties the actors make.
A wretched and pitiful wight, &c.

While the burning heat of the day we bear,
And water to quench our thirst is rare,
'Tis thine to carouse o'er the bright champagne,
And to load thy board till it groans again.
A wretched and pitiful wight, &c.

When, amid the turmoil of iron war,
Our thoughts to our true-loves wander far,
Thou'rt fain to furnish thy pocket with gold,
For a man like thee love is bought and sold.
A wretched and pitiful wight, &c.

When bullets whistle, and lances ring,
While abroad through our line stalks the shadowy king,
At the card-table thou thy foe canst kill,
Vanquishing kings with the bold spadille.
A wretched and pitiful wight, &c.

And when in the battle our time draws near,
Then welcome, brave death of the volunteer!
Beneath the coverlet death finds thee,
Tortured by med'cine and surgery.

Thou diest like a coward in silken bed;
No German maiden shall mourn thee dead,—
A German song shall not tell thy fame,
Nor a German wine-cup be pledged in thy name.
Drink with me—men that be!
Waving your broadswords cheerily!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

(Vaterlandslied.)

E. M. Arndt.

God, who gave iron, purposed ne'er
That man should be a slave;
Therefore the sabre, sword, and spear
In his right hand He gave.
Therefore He gave him fiery mood,
Fierce speech, and free-born breath,
That he might fearlessly the feud
Maintain through blood and death.

Therefore will we what God did say,
With honest truth, maintain,—
And ne'er a fellow-creature slay,
A tyrant's pay to gain!
But he shall perish by stroke of brand
Who fighteth for sin and shame,
And not inherit the German land
With men of the German name.

O Germany! bright fatherland!
O German love so true!
Thou sacred land—thou beauteous land—
We swear to thee anew!
Outlawed, each knave and coward shall
The crow and raven feed;
But we will to the battle all—
Revenge shall be our meed.

Flash forth, flash forth, whatever can,
To bright and flaming life!
Now, all ye Germans, man for man,
Forth to the holy strife!
Your hands lift upward to the sky—
Your hearts shall upward soar—
And man for man let each one cry,
Our slavery is o'er!

Let sound, let sound, whatever can,
Trumpet and fife and drum:
This day our sabres, man for man,
To stain with blood, we come;
With hangman's and with coward's blood,
O glorious day of ire!
That to all Germans soundeth good!
Day of our great desire!

Let wave, let wave, whatever can—
Standard and banner wave!
Here will we purpose, man for man,
To grace a hero's grave.

Advance, ye brave ranks, hardily—
Your banners wave on high;
We'll gain us freedom's victory,
Or freedom's death we'll die!

ORIGINAL.

DER Gott der Eisen wachsen liess
Der wollte keine Knechte;
Drum gab er Säbel, Schwert und Spiess,
Dem Mann in seine Rechte.
Drum gab er ihm den kühnen Muth,
Den Zorn der freien Rede,
Dass er bestände bis auf's Blut
Bis in den Tod die Fehde.

So wollen wir, was Gott gewollt,
Mit rechten Treuen halten,
Und nimmer in Tyrannen-sold,
Die Menschen-schädel spalten.
Doch wer fur Tand und Schande ficht,
Den hauen wir zu Scherben;
Der soll im Deutschen Lande nicht
Mit Deutschen Männern erben.

O Deutschland, heil'ges Vaterland!
O Deutsche Lieb' und Treue!
Du hohes Land! Du schönes Land
Dir schwören wir auf's Neue:

Dem Buben und dem Knecht die Acht!
Der speise Kräh'n und Raben!
So ziehn wir aus zur Hermann's-Schlacht
Und wollen Rache haben.

Lass brausen was nur brausen kann,
In hellen lichten Flammen!
Ihr Deutschen alle, Mann für Mann,
Für's Vaterland zusammen!
Und hebt die Herzen himmelan!
Und himmelan die Hände!
Und rufet alle, Mann für Mann:
Die Knechtschaft hat ein Ende!

Lass klingen was nur klingen kann!
Die Trommeln und die Flöten!
Wir wollen heute, Mann für Mann,
Mit Blut das Eisen röthen.—
Mit Henker-blut, Franzosen-blut,
O süsser Tag der Rache!
Das klinget allen Deutschen gut—
Das ist die grosse Sache!

Lass wehen was nur wehen kann!
Standarten weh'n und Fahnen!
Wir wollen heut' uns, Mann für Mann,
Zum Heldentode mahnen:—
Auf, fliege hohes Siegspanier,
Voran dem kühnen Reihen!
Wir siegen oder sterben hier,
Den süssen Tod der Freien.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

(Vaterlandslied.)

HINCKEL.

HEART so light,
Eye so bright,
Arm so stalwart in the fight,
Seeking fame,
All whose name
From great Hermann came.
Singing, shouting, brothers come,
Let us gaily wander home.
"*Strong and free—*
True are we,"
Shall our watchward be.

Hear it soar
The wildwood o'er,
Through the oak-tree gray and hoar;
Loud and long
Swells the song
From our youthful throng.
Singing, shouting, brothers come, &c.

Stars appear,
Shining clear,
Let us all be brothers here!
Fatherland,
Holy band,
Lead us hand in hand
Singing, shouting, brothers come, &c.

SOLDIER'S MORNING SONG.

(Soldaten-Morgenlied.)

MAX. V. SCHENKENDORF.

Now leave your sleep, ye sleepers; arise from off the earth
Our steeds are neighing bravely, to greet the new day's birth;
Our weapons glance so brightly, in morning's ruddy bloom,
We dream of wreaths of laurel, or think on coming doom.

Again—O God of Heaven—look down on us again!
By Thee have we been summoned upon the battle-plain.—
Then let us stand before thee, and put us not to shame:
The Christian flags are waving;—we battle in Thy name.

A morn shall dawn upon us—a morning mild and clear—
The angels look to see it, with every good man here.
Full soon on each true German resplendently it lies;—
O break, thou day of gladness! thou dawn of freedom, rise!

Then clang from ev'ry steeple, and song in ev'ry breast!
And love and life-rejoicing, and after tempest rest!
And when from ev'ry high-road the triumph-shouts unite,
Then will we cry, brave comrades, "We, too, have fought the fight!"

ORIGINAL.

ERHEBT euch von der Erde ihr Schläfer aus der Ruh,
Schon wiehern uns die Pferde den guten Morgen zu!
Die lieben Waffen glänzen so hell im Morgenroth,
Man träumt von Siegeskränzen, man denkt auch an den Tod

Du reicher Gott in Gnaden, schau her vom Himmelszelt,
Du selbst hast uns geladen in dieses Wafferfeld.—
Lass uns vor dir bestehen, und gieb uns heute Sieg,
Die Christenbanner wehen; Dein ist, o Herr, der Krieg.

Ein Morgen soll noch kommen, ein Morgen mild und klar;
Sein harren alle Frommen, ihn schaut der Engel Schaar.
Bald scheint er sonder Hülle, auf jeden teutschen Mann;
O brich du Tag der Fülle, du Freiheitsmorgen, an!

Dann, Klang von allen Thürmen, und Klang aus jeder Brust,
Und Ruhe nach den Stürmen, und Lieb' und Lebenslust.
Es schallt auf allen Wegen dann frohes Siegsgeschrei—
Und wir, ihr wackern Degen, wir waren auch dabei.

THE MARCH.

(Zum Ausmarsch.)

A. Methfessel.

Now out and away, friends, while loud our clarions ring,
Now each manly voice be it lifted up to sing;
For freedom's breath is blowing o'er hill and o'er dell,
And a life of joyous freedom it pleaseth us well.

We're holding together, like brothers true and tried,
When death stalks around us, when arms are laid aside;
A clear, gladsome spirit doth lead us ev'ry one,
For all of us to *one* goal are pressing on.

Now long live our captain! he boldly goes before;
We follow him bravely the path of vict'ry o'er;
To victory and battle he leads you away;
To your father's house he'll lead you, my brethren, one day.

Now which of us would falter, at death or danger's name?
At nought our band doth tremble, but vileness and shame;
Who in such holy contest his death-blow hath found,
Rests, e'en in foreign earth, as in native ground.

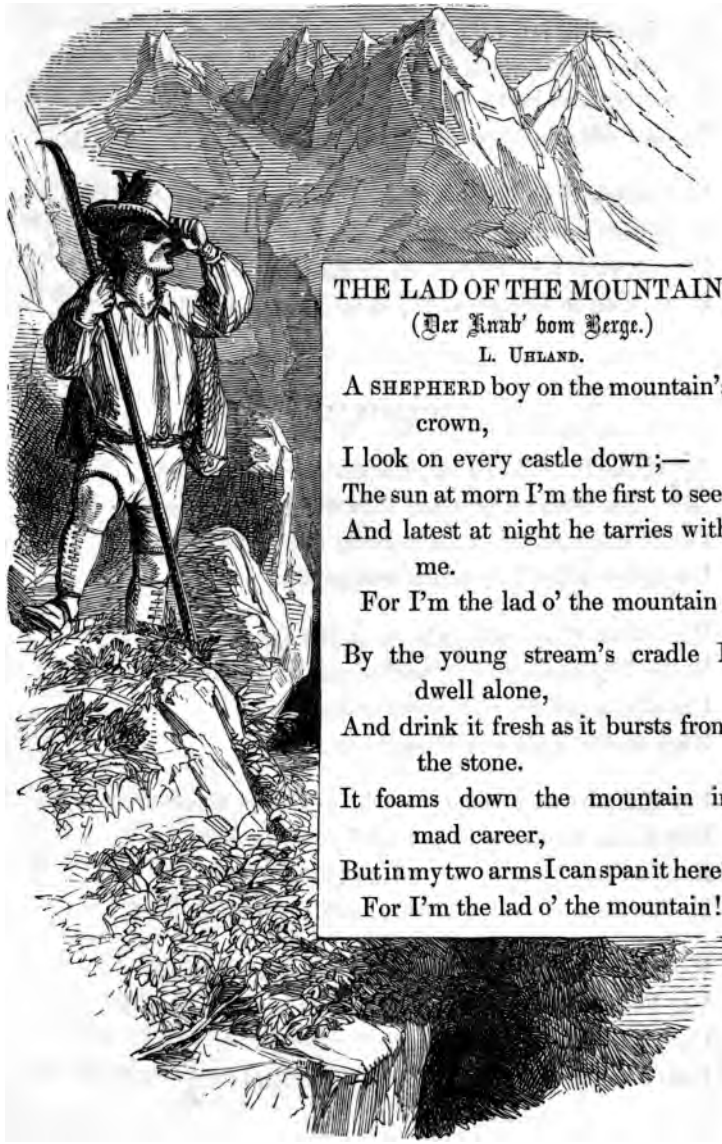
ORIGINAL.

HINAUS in die Ferne, mit lautem Hörnerklang,
Die Stimme erhebet, zum männlichen Gesang;
Der Freiheit Hauch weht mächtig durch die Welt,
Ein freies frohes Leben uns wohlgefällt.

Wir halten zusammen, wie treue Brüder thun,
Wenn Tod uns umtobet, und wenn die Waffen ruh'n;
Uns alle treibt ein reiner froher Sinn,
Nach einem Ziele streben wir alle hin.

Der Hauptmann er lebe, er geht uns kühn voran—
Wir folgen ihm muthig auf blut'ger Siegesbahn;
Er führt uns jetzt zu Kampf und Sieg hinaus,
Er führt uns einst, ihr Brüder, in's Vaterhaus'.

Wer wollte wohl zittern vor Tod und vor Gefahr?
Vor Feigheit und Schande erbleichet uns're Schaar!
Und wer den Tod im heil'gen Kampfe fand,
Ruht auch in fremder Erde, im Vaterland!



THE LAD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(Der Knab' vom Berge.)

L. Uhland.

A SHEPHERD boy on the mountain's crown,
I look on every castle down;—
The sun at morn I'm the first to see,
And latest at night he tarries with me.
For I'm the lad o' the mountain!

By the young stream's cradle I dwell alone,
And drink it fresh as it bursts from the stone.
It foams down the mountain in mad career,
But in my two arms I can span it here!
For I'm the lad o' the mountain!

The mountain summit is my domain,
And round about go the storm and rain;
But, though from north and from south they roar,
My song shall be heard all their tumult o'er.
For I'm the lad o' the mountain!

Lightning and thunder may rage below,
But the sky is blue o'er the hills where I go.
I know the storm, and I shout in glee,
"Leave thou the home of my fathers free."
For I'm the lad o' the mountain!

And when uprises the war-bell's sound,
While beacons flash on the hills around,
Downward I'll travel to join the throng,
Swinging my sword and singing my song!
For I'm the lad o' the mountain!

ORIGINAL.

ICH bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab',
Seh' auf die Schlösser all' herab;
Die Sonne strahlt am ersten hier,
Am längsten weilet sie bei mir.
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge.

Hier ist des Stromes Mutterhaus,
Ich trink ihn frisch vom Stein heraus;
Er braust vom Fels in wildern Lauf,
Ich fang ihn mit den Armen auf.
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge.

Der Berg, der ist mein Eigenthum,
Da ziehn die Stürme rings herum;
Und heulen sie von Nord und Süd,
So übertönt sie doch mien Lied.
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge.

Sind Blitz und Donner unter mir,
So steh' ich hoch im Blauen hier;
Ich kenne sie und rufe zu;
"Lasst meines Vaters Haus in Ruh'!"
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge.

Und wenn die Sturmglock' einst erschallt,
Manch Feuer auf den Bergen wallt;
Dann steig ich nieder, tret in's Glied,
Und schwing mein Schwert, und sing' mein Lied.
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge.

SONG OF VICTORY AFTER THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC.

(Siegeslied nach der Schlacht bei Leipzig.)

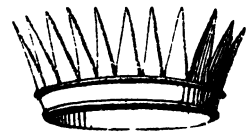
HERKLOTS.

REJOICE! our swords have nobly wrought,
When swung by men of might;
Rejoice! Thuiskon's race hath fought
The vengeance-laden fight!
The courage that the Romans braved
Hath struck another blow;
Behold, our fatherland is saved!
The tyrant's power lies low.

With Germans joined, their foes to face,
The northern hero band;—
And men of Burik's ancient race,
And men from Baltic strand,—
And ardent through the combat brave,
Our battle signal ran—
"No German shall be despot's slave!"
Was cried by ev'ry man.

Oh, then each noble heart beat high,
The warrior's meed to gain;
Three days hath blood unceasingly
Bedewed the battle plain.
Then fear fell on the boastful band,
All-conquering deemed before;
Their pride, upon our Rhenish strand,
Was crushed, to rise no more.

Triumph! for freedom's battle-cry
Shall give us courage new;
Our country shall stand fixedly,
While German hearts are true;
Then, countrymen, we'll hand in hand
To honour's fight away;
And free shall be our German land
Until the Judgment Day!



GALLANT SCHILL.

(Der kühne Schill.)

ARNDT.

FORTH from Berlin a brave hero did ride,
And troopers six hundred after him hied;
Six hundred troopers of gallant mood,
Who all were athirst for the Frenchman's blood.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

And there were marching, these riders beside,
A thousand soldiers of courage tried;
O soldiers, may Heaven bless each blow
That's destined to lay a Frenchman low.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

Thus forth wends the brave, the gallant Schill;
To fight the Frenchman it is his will.
Nor for king nor for emperor combats he,
But for fatherland and for liberty.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

At Dodendorf did those soldiers good
Dye the fat earth with the Frenchmen's blood
Two thousand men by their swords were slain
To trust to their heels the rest were fain.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

Then stormed they Dömitz, that fortress strong,
And cast out the Frenchman's rascal throng;

To Pomerania they then passed o'er,
Where no Frenchman shall cry his " qui vive " more.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard.

To Stralsund the troops came thundering on!
O Frenchmen, like birds could ye but be gone!
O could ye feathers and pinions find,
For Schill is coming, who rides like the wind.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

Into the city he thunder'd amain,
Where Wallenstein once kept his watch in vain—
Where slept in the gate the Twelfth Charles so sound;
But towers and wall are now razed to the ground.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

O woe to ye Frenchmen! How death doth mow!
The swords of the riders how ruddy they glow!
How boils in the troopers their German blood!
To slaughter the Frenchmen it seemeth them good.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

O, woe to thee, Schill, thou hero free,
What treacherous toils are laid for thee!
On land they are flying, but from the main
Comes creeping the traitorous serpent—the Dane.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

O Schill, brave Schill, thou hero stout,
Why rodest not thou with the troopers out?
Thy courage why hide neath the rampart's shade?
In Stralsund now shall thy grave be made.—
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

O Stralsund, Stralsund, thou heavy town!
The bravest spirit in thee went down!
A ball his gallant heart hath torn,
And knaves of the hero made jest and scorn.—
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

For a saucy Frenchman he cried aloud,
"Like a dog we'll bury this hero proud!
Like a thief whose body on gallows and wheel
Hath made for the kite and the raven a meal!"—
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard.

They carried him out when all was dumb,
Without sound of fife, without beat of drum.—
No music of cannon or gun they gave,
Wherewith to salute the soldier's grave.—
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

From off his shoulders they cut his head;
His corpse in a worthless grave they laid.—
Till the judgment day he his rest must take:
God grant he may then to joy awake.—
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

The pious and gallant heart sleeps on,
With no stone to tell of the deeds he's done;
But, though no honour-stone hath he,
His name shall never forgotten be.—
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

When saddles the trooper his steed so light,—
When swingeth the trooper his sword so bright,—

He cries in anger, "Sir Schill, Sir Schill,
On the Frenchman revenge thy wrongs I will!"
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard.

This is one of Moritz Arndt's patriotic songs. Schill was a Prussian lieutenant, who, during the period of his country's direst humiliation, raised a corps of volunteers, and managed to annoy the enemy considerably by a species of Guerilla warfare. He perished in the way described in the text.

THE GERMAN RHINE.*

(Der Deutsche Rhein.)

NIC. BECKER.

No, no, they shall not have him,
Our free-born German Rhine,
Though, like the famished raven,
They, croaking, for it pine!
So long in verdant vesture
He peacefully doth glide,—
So long a plashing boat-oar
Shall cleave his rippling tide!

No, no, they shall not have him,
Our free-born German Rhine,
So long there still refresheth
Our heart his fiery wine;—

* To A. de Lamartine, from the "Rheinisches Jahrbuch" (Rhenish Annual) for 1841.

So long the mountains firmly
Shall stand from out his stream;
So long a lofty steeple
Shall from his mirror beam!

No, no, they shall not have him,
Our free-born German Rhine,
While free men and fair maidens
Shall seek the marriage shrine;
So long beneath his waters
A single fish there dives;
So long among his singers
A single lay there lives.

No, no, they shall not have him,
Our free-born German Rhine,
Till, buried 'neath his waters,
The latest man hath lien!

THE GRENADIERS.

(Die Grenadiere.)

H. Heine.

Two grenadiers, captives from Russia's strand,
Towards France were home returning;
But when they came to the German land
Their hearts were filled with mourning.



For then they heard of the luckless fall
Of France, all lost and forsaken;
How scattered or slain the brave soldiers were all,
And the emp'ror, the emperor taken.

Then wept with his comrade each grenadier,
This direful story learning:
Then spake the first, "What woe is here?
And how my old wound is burning."

Then spake the other, " The song is done—
How gladly with thee I'd perish;
But my wife and child, save myself, have none
To comfort them and cherish."

" What care I my wife or child to greet?
To better deed I'd waken;
Now let them beg, an they needs must eat.
My emp'ror, my emperor taken.

" One prayer, good brother, grant to me,
When away by death I'm hurried;
Then take my body to France with thee,
In French earth see me buried.

" The legion-cross, with its crimson band,
Fast on my bosom tie me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And lay my good sword by me.

Thus, like a sentry, I'll still give heed,
In the grave whereto ye take me;
Till the trampling hoof of the neighing steed
And the cannon's roar shall wake me.

Then, 'mid sabres clashing and flashing by,
O'er my grave is my emperor wending.
Then, ready and arm'd, from my grave start I,
The emp'ror, the emp'ror defending.

ORIGINAL.

NACH Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
Die waren in Russland gefangen;
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier
Sie liessen die Köpfe hangen.

Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mähr:
Dass Frankreich verloren gegangen,
Besiegt und zerschlagen das tapfere Heer,—
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier,
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der Eine sprach: Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde.

Der Andere sprach: Das Lied ist aus,
Auch ich möcht' mit dir sterben,
Doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben.

Was scheert mich Weib, was scheert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit bess'res Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind,—
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt':
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab' mich in Frankreich's Erde.

Das Ehrenkreuz am rothen Band
Sollst du auf's Herz mir legen,
Die Flinte gieb mir in die Hand,
Und gürt mir um den Degen.

So will ich liegen und horchen still,
Wie eine Schildwach im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll,
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab',
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen.



WAR-SONG FOR THE CHASSEUR VOLUNTEERS. 1813.

(Kriegslied der freiwilligen Jäger.)

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

UP, up, to the merry hunting,
For now the time draws on;
The strife will quickly follow,
The day begins to dawn.
Up, pass them by, the idle,
And leave them to their rest;
But we will stir us gladly
At our good king's behest.

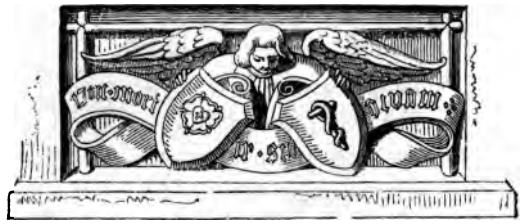
Our monarch he has spoken,
"Where are my huntsmen true?"
And we have all arisen,
A gallant work to do.
We will build up a safety
For all our fatherland;
With fervent trust in Heaven,
With strong enduring hand!

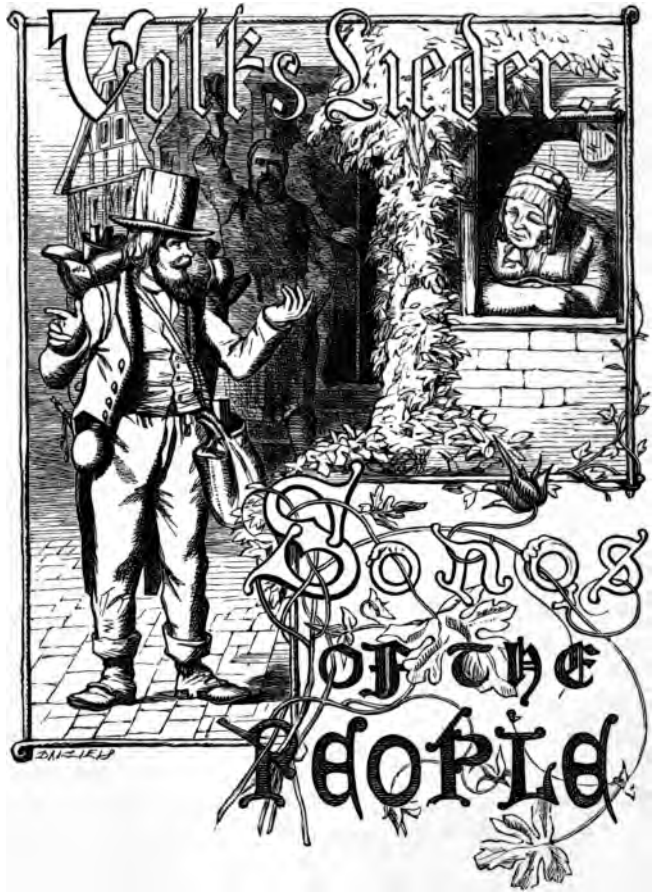
Sleep calmly now, ye loved ones,
Around our father's hearth,
While 'gainst the foeman's weapons
We boldly issue forth.
O happiness, our dear ones
From danger to defend;
Let cannon flash—true courage
Will triumph in the end!

Some will be home returning
In victory, ere long,
And then will be rejoicing,
And joyful triumph song.
With strength and glad emotion
How ev'ry heart will burn.—
Who falls, a heavenly kingdom
For this on earth shall earn!

Afoot, or on our war-steeds,
To the red field will we.
Our God will show us favour;
He greets us graciously.
Ye huntsmen, all and each one,
Charge hotly on the foe;
While fires of joy are burning,
While yet life's sun doth glow!

Frederic, Baron de la Motte Fouqué (born at Brandenburg in 1777, died at Berlin, January, 1843), is chiefly known in this country as the author of "Undine," and by a few readers as the writer of "Sintram and his Companions." Fouqué's literary career closed less brilliantly than could have been anticipated from the popularity achieved by "Undine" and others of his earlier works. He died in straitened circumstances, a pensioner on the bounty of the King of Prussia.





The Journeyman's Farewell.

Songs of the People.

SIMROCK, in his admirable collection "Die Deutschen Volksbücher," gives the name of "Volkslieder," Songs of the People, exclusively to those songs which are handed down by oral tradition from among the people themselves, having been written by unknown authors, and rescued from oblivion merely by the universal acceptation they found in the cottages of the peasants and at the fireside in the village inn. "*Beliebte Lieder*," popular songs written by authors of known literary fame and widely circulated among the people, are considered as belonging to a different class of literature, and form no portion of Simrock's collection. The necessity for condensation, and the impossibility of giving more than a few specimens of each department, has occasioned the union of the two classes under one head in the present work.

Taken as a whole, the "People's Songs" of Germany are honourably distinguished by a certain purity of tone and general healthiness of feeling. Many of the older songs inculcate the highest maxims of morality. Not a few among the historical songs go to prove that even so early as the time of the Emperor Charles V.* there were among the people uneducated politicians whose shrewdness saw farther into the crooked policy of princes and generals than would have been possible with any but a sturdy, strongheaded race. Some of the religious songs of the people are not unworthy of notice.

* For instance, the satirical song beginning

"Es geht ein Butzemann im Land herum,"

in which the author shows a vivid appreciation of the Emperor and his undertakings.

FAREWELL SONG OF A JOURNEYMAN.

(Abschiedslied eines Handwerksburschen.)

It, it, it and it,
It is a heavy blow,
That, that, that and that,
From Frankfort I must go;
So I'll forget this Frankfort rare,
And turn to wander, Heaven knows where;
I go to seek my fortune
A-marchin'.

Thou, thou, thou and thou,
Good master, fare thee well;
Now freely to your face I'll say,
Your work don't please me anyway;
I'll go to seek my fortune
A-marchin'.

You, you, you and you,
Good mistress, fare you well;
Now to your face I'll tell you free,
Your pork and cabbage won't suit me;
I'll go to seek my fortune
A-marchin'.

You, you, you and you,
Dame Cookee, fare you well;
If better you had known your trade,
Perchance with you I might have stayed;
I'll go to seek my fortune
A-marchin'.

Ye, ye, ye and ye,
Fair maidens, fare ye well;
My parting wish for you is still
That one may come my place to fill;
I'll go to seek my fortune
A-marchin'.

You, you, you and you,
Good comrades, all farewell;
If I have wronged you any way,
I would for your forgiveness pray;
I'll go to seek my fortune
A-marchin'.

ORIGINAL.

ES, es, es und es,
Es ist ein harter Schluss,
Dass, dass, dass und dass
Ich aus Frankfurt muss—
So schlag ich Frankfurt ans dem Sinn
Und wende mich, Gott'weiss wohin;
Ich will mein Glück probire',
Marschiere'.

Er, er, er und er,
Herr Meister, leb' er wohl,
Ich sag's ihm nur frei in's Gesicht
Sein' Arbeit die gefällt mir nicht;
Ich will mein Glück probire',
Marschiere'.

Sie, sie, sie und sie,
Frau Meist'rin, leb' sie wohl—
Ich sag' ihr's nur frei in's Gesicht
Ihr Speck und Klöss' das g'fällt mir nicht;
Ich will mein Glück probire',
Marschiere'.

Sie, sie, sie und sie,
Frau Köchin, leb' sie wohl;
Hätt' sie's Essen besser angericht',
Vielleicht sich wär' gewandert nicht,
Ich will mein Glück probire',
Marschiere'.

Ihr, ihr, ihr und ihr,
Ihr Jungfern, lebet wohl;
Ich wünsch euch noch zu guter Letzt',
Ein'n Andern, der mein Stell' ersetzt;
Ich will mein Glück probire',
Marschiere'.

Ihr, ihr, ihr und ihr,
Ihr Brüder, lebet wohl;
Hab' ich euch was zu Leid gethan
So bitt' ich um Verzeihung an;
Ich will mein Glück probire',
Marschiere'.

MY TRUELOVE IS PRETTY.

(Mei Schatzerl is' hübsch.)

My truelove is pretty, though rich is not she.—
I can't kiss the money; what is it to me?
Handsome I'm not; rich I have grown,
And a whole bagful of money I own.
Had I but three farthings more,
I should have twelve kreutzers, sure.
Oh, my truelove is pretty, though rich is not she.

My truelove is good; kind and winning is she.
If she gives me one kiss, I'm as brave as can be;
Dearer and richer than jewels and gold,
Therefore my truelove's heart I hold.—
Were thou always with me, doubly dear shouldst thou be,
Oh, my truelove so fair, how I dote upon thee!

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

(Nachtwächterlied.)

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Ten hath struck upon our bell;
God hath given commandments ten
That we might be happy men.
Nought avails that men should ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us.
May he, of his boundless might,
Give unto us all good night.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Eleven hath struck upon our bell;
Eleven apostles went there forth,
Teaching men through all the earth.
Nought avails, &c.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Twelve hath struck upon our bell;
Twelve, time's turning point must be,
Think, man, on eternity.
Nought avails, &c.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
One hath struck upon our bell;
One God all this world hath made;
Unto him all praise be paid.
Nought avails, &c.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Two hath struck upon our bell;
Two ways before him man can see,
Lord, in the right one lead thou me.
Nought avails, &c.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Three hath struck upon our bell;
Three are sacred, Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, three in one.
Nought avails, &c.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Four hath struck upon our bell;
Four sides hath the ploughéd field,
Will thy heart, man, harvest yield?
Nought avails, &c.

Now all stars must fade away—
Quickly now must come the day;
Thank your God, who through each hour
Kept you with a father's power.
Nought avails that man should ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us—
May he, through his boundless might,
Give to each of us good night.

From Simrock's collection of Volkslieder. The formula generally used by the German watchmen at the present day is less elaborate in its nature; the same verse being repeated after the lapse of each hour. The most popular form is the following:—

Hört ihr Herren und last euch sagen,
Die Glocke hat —— geschlagen:
Bewahret das Feuer und das Licht,
Dass in uns're Stadt kein Schaden geschieht.
Lobt Gott den Herrn

Listen, Gentlemen, hear me tell,
—— hath struck upon the bell:
Guard ye the fires and the candles all,
That no harm to our town befall
Praise God the Lord!



Der Lustige Bruder.

THE JOLLY BROTHER.

A FARTHING and a penny,
They both of them were mine;
The farthing went for water,
The penny went for wine.

The vintners and the maidens
They cry "alas" and "oh!"
The vintners when I'm coming,
The maidens when I go.

My boots are torn, my slippers
 Are rent most ruefully,
But out among the heather,
 The birds are singing free.

And, if there were no highway,
 I'd stay at home, I think;
And had the cask no bung-hole,
 Why, then I couldn't drink.

ORIGINAL.

EIN Heller und ein Batzen,
 War'n allzwei Beide mein,
Der Heller ward zu Wasser,
 Der Batzen ward zu Wein.

Die Wirthsleut' und die Mädel,
 Die rufen beid, "O weh!"
Die Wirthsleut' wenn ich komme,
 Die Mädel wenn ich geh.

Mein' Stiefel sind zerrissen
 Mein' Schuh, die sind entzwei,
Und draussen auf der Haide
 Da singt der Vogel frei.

Und gäb's kein Landstrass, nirgend,
 Da säss' ich still zu Haus;
Und gäb's kein Loch im Fasse,
 Da tränk ich gar nicht drauss.

THE THREE TAILORS.

(Von den drei Schneidern.)

C. Herlossohn.

Three tailors came o'er the Rhine once on a time,
And put up with mine host at Ingelheim,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
They had in their pouches no penny to pay,
And yet most tremendously thirsty were they,
All for wine, all for wine.

"Mine host, not a penny of money have we,
Yet far through the world have we travell'd all three,
By the Rhine, by the Rhine;
And each one among us has learnt a thing
That we'll teach to you, and good luck 'twill bring,
All for wine, all for wine."

"My lads, I will not be be-fool'd this time,
For I am the host of Ingelheim,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine;
And so you can't carry your masterpiece through,
I'll break ev'ry one of your sconces for you,
'Stead of wine, 'stead of wine."

The first lad caught up a ray of light,
And threaded it through his needle bright,
By the Rhine, by the Rhine;
And he mended a broken glass so well,
That, which way the seam ran, none could tell,
Through the wine, through the wine.

The second tailor a gnat espied,
That over his nose so merrily hied,
To the Rhine, to the Rhine.
This gnat a hole in its stocking had worn,
Which, small as it was, the tailor did darn,
All for wine, all for wine.

The third in his hand took a needle tall,
And fixed it firmly and deep in the wall,
By the Rhine, by the Rhine;
Then the lad through the eye of the needle did spring.
Excepting that once, I ne'er saw such a thing,
All for wine, all for wine.

Quoth the innkeeper, "Surely such feats ne'er were played
So to you, my young masters, my thanks must be paid,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine."
He took up a thimble and filled to the brim,
"Now, lads, ye may drink, till your heads all swim,
Of my wine, of my wine."

The tailor and his trade have furnished a fertile theme for the wit and satire of the German people. Among the innumerable songs of which the tailor is made the hero, there are few to be found in which the knight of the shears is not turned into ridicule and represented as the victim of a species of poetical injustice in the last verse. He is usually thrown out of the window, or makes his exit in some equally ignominious manner. The Germans have a proverb respecting him to the effect that,—

Sechzehn sieb' zehn Schneider genen auf ein Pfund,
Und wenn sie das nicht wiegen, so sind sie nicht gesund.

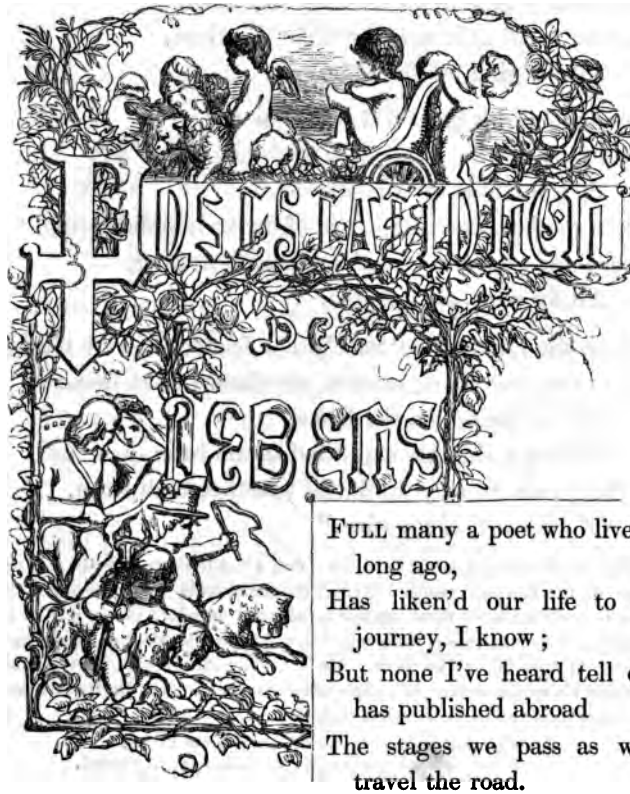
(Sixteen or seventeen tailors go to make a pound,
And if they do not weigh it, they are not hale and sound.)

A notable exception to the general fate of the German song-tailor is found in the fortunes of the hero in the old song "Es wollt' ein Schneider wandern, zu Montag in der früh." Here a tailor, carried off by demons that he may supply them with clothes, plays such pranks among his captors as make them only too glad to dismiss him, and determine never to fetch another of the fraternity, —"Er stehl *so viel er wöll*,"—let him filch as much as he will.

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

(Die Poststationen des Lebens.)

A. F. E. Langbein.



Full many a poet who lived long ago,
Has liken'd our life to a journey, I know;
But none I've heard tell of has published abroad
The stages we pass as we travel the road.

At first we ride gently through childhood's domain;
We're happily blind, so that sorrow in vain
Lies skulking to watch our approach by the way;
We see but the flowers, and cry, "Oh, how gay!"

With hearts beating high, on the next stage we start,
And as maidens and youths play a weightier part.—
Now Love mounts the coach as we hurry on fast,
And gives us or sugar or wormwood to taste.

With many a jolt through the third stage we stray,
Where cares matrimonial darken the way;
And the worst is that children, a numerous brood,
Come flocking around us, all screaming for food.

The fourth stage is laden with sighs and with groans,
From feeble old men and decrepit old crones;
On the box, as postillion, the scythe-bearer pale,
Drives off with us wildly o'er hill and o'er dale.

And travellers younger and stronger, they say,
Have by that pale driver been hurried away;
But with all to the hostel of peace he has gone—
If that is—then, honest postillion, drive on!



THE LOCKSMITH'S MAN.

(Der Schlossergesell.)

GRÜBEL.

A LOCKSMITH had a workman bold,
Right slow at his file was he;
But when the dinner summons came,
He hurried grievously.
The first to dip in the porridge-pot,
And the last to get his fill;
There was not another in all the house
Could work with such hearty will.

"Ho, workman mine," quoth his master once,
"This riddle now read, I pray;
For, all the days wherein I've lived
I still have heard men say,—
'*As a man doth eat so worketh he.*'—
'Tis not so with thee, I vow;
For none have I seen, at work so slow,
At feeding so fast, as thou."

"Ho, master mine," the workman said,
"The reason sure is plain,—
The dinner that's quickly eaten up
Takes fourteen hours to gain.
If I should eat the whole day long,
Nor once leave off the while,
I warrant my jaws would as slowly work
As yonder I ply my file."

ORIGINAL.

AN Schlosser hot an G'sellen g'hot,
Der hot gar langsam g'feilt;
Doch wenn's zum Esche gange ischt,
Do hot er grausam g'eilt:
Der Erschte in der Schüssel drin,
Der letzte wieder draus,
Do ischt ka Mensch so fleissig g'west,
Als er im ganze Haus.

G'sell, hot amal der Meister g'sogt,
Hör das begreif i nöt;
Es ist doch all mei' Lebtag g'west,
So lang i' denk' die Red';
So wie man frisst, so schafft man a;
Bei dir ischt's nöt a su;
So langsam hat noch Kaner g'feilt,
Un g' fresse su, wie du.

Ho, sagt der G'sell, das b'greif i scho;
'Sch hot all's sei gute Grund:
Das Fresse währt holt gor nit lang,
Un d'Arbeit vierzeh' Stund!
Wenn Aner sullt den ganzi Tag,
In an Stück fresse fort:
'Sch würd' a gor bold su langsam gehn,
Als wie beim Feile dort.

THE TREE IN THE ODENWALD.

(Der Baum im Odenwald.)

THERE is a tree in the Odenwald
Has store of branches green,
And there full many a thousand times
With my true love I've been.

A beauteous bird sits on the tree:
His song is blithe to hear.—
I and my true love listen still
As we are walking there.

The bird upon the topmost branch
He sits in quiet guise;
And merrily he pipes whene'er
We lift to him our eyes.

The bird is sitting in his nest
Upon the green, green tree;
And have I been, in sooth, with her?
A vision it must be.

For, when I came to her again,
The tree did wither'd seem.
Another lover by her side—
Avaunt, thou hateful dream!

The tree stands yet in the Odenwald.
To Switzerland I wend.—
Seemeth the snow so cold, so cold,
As though my heart 'twould rend.

ORIGINAL.

ES steht ein Baum im Odenwald,
Der hat viel grüne Aest';
Da bin ich wohl viel tausendmal
Mit meinem Schatz gewest.

Da sitzt ein schöner Vogel drauf,
Der pfeift gar wunderschön,
Ich und mein Schätzel lauern auf,
Wenn wir selbander gehn.

Der Vogel sitzt in seiner Ruh
Wohl auf dem höchsten Zweig;
Und schauen wir dem Vogel zu,
So pfeift er alsogleich.

Der Vogel sitzt in seinem Nest
Wohl auf dem grünen Baum;
Ach Schatz, bin ich bei dir gewest,
Oder ist es nur ein Traum?

Und als ich wied' rum kam zu ihr,
Verdorret war der Baum;
Ein and'rer Liebster stand bei ihr,
Hinweg! du böser Traum.

Der Baum der steht im Odenwald,
Und ich bin in der Schweiz;
De liegt der Schnee so kalt, so kalt,
Das Herz es min zerreisst.

PARTING.

(SWABIAN SONG.)

MUST I, then! must I, then! from the town must I, then!—
And thou all alone must be?
When I come, when I come, when I come back again,
I'll return, dear love, to thee.
What though I can't always with thee remain,
Yet thou still my joy shall be.—
When I come, when I come, when I come home again,
I'll return, my love, to thee!

When thou weep'st, when thou weep'st, for that I must away,
That parting there now must be;—
Be there maids, many maids, in the lands where I stray,
I'll still, love, be true to thee.
Think not my affection would wither away
Because I another might see;
Be there maids, many maids, in the lands where I stray,
I'll still, love, be true to thee.

In a year, in a year, ere the vintage is o'er,
I'll return, dear girl, to thee;
Am I then, am I then still thy love as before,
Then shall our wedding be.

In a year my time will be over, and then
I belong but to me and to thee.—
When I come, when I come, when I come home again,
Then shall our wedding be.

ORIGINAL.

MUSS i' denn, muss i' denn zum Stätele 'naus,
Und Du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier?
Wenn i' komm, wenn i' komm, wenn i' wed'rum komm,
Kehr i' ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.
Kann i' auch nit all'weil bei dir seyn
Hab' i' doch meine Freud' an dir,
Wenn i' komm, wenn i' komm, wenn i' wied'rum komm,
Kehr i' ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass i' wandere muss,
Wie wenn d'Lieb jetzt wär vorbei—
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss, der Mädele viel,
Lieber Schatz i' bleib dir treu.
Denk du net, wenn i' en andere seh',
So sei mei' Lieb' vorbei—
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss, der Mädele viel,
Lieber Schatz i' bleib dir treu.

Uebers' Jahr, übers Jahr, wenn me Träubele schneid't,
Stell i' hier mi' wiederum ein;
Binn i' dann, bin i' dann dein Schätzele noch,
So soll die Hochzeit seyn.
Uebers Jahr da ist mei' Zeit vorbei,
Da g'hör i' mein und dein;
Bin i' dann, bin i' dann dei Schätzele noch,
So soll die Hochzeit sein.

HAVE-I AND HAD-I.

(Hab' ich und Hätt' ich.)

A. F. E. Langbein.

There are two birds, well known in the land,
Have-I and *Had-I* named;
The one will cheerfully rest on your hand,
The other still flies untamed.

A *Have-I* affordeth pleasure rare;
More joy to his master bringing
Than a thousand *Had-I's* that high in air
Their restless flight are winging.

Eggs of gold will the *Have-I* lay,
And sings, "Content thee, content thee!
If thou labourest bravely the livelong day,
At night sweet sleep shall be sent thee."

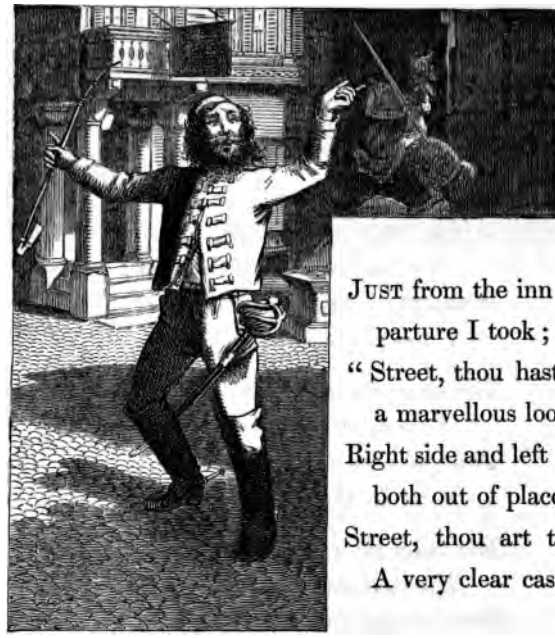
But he who determines a *Had-I* to seize,
And to capture him madly striveth,
He never shall have either peace or ease
So long as on earth he liveth.

He runs and pants till his grave is nigh,
The craggiest mountains scaling,
While ever before him aloft through the sky
The golden-wing'd bird keeps sailing.

Then each and every sensible wight,
Be with your *Have-I* contented;
Should a *Had-I* tempt ye, so blooming and bright,
Let him soar away unprevented.

THE TOPER'S DILEMMA.

(Trinker's Bedenken.)



JUST from the inn my departure I took;
"Street, thou hast surely a marvellous look!
Right side and left side are both out of place;
Street, thou art tipsy!—A very clear case."

"Moon, what a comical face dost thou make,
One of thine eyes asleep, t'other awake!
Thou, too, art tipsy, I plainly can see;
Shame, my old comrade, oh, shame upon thee!"

Look at the lampposts, too, here is a sight,
Not one among them can now stand upright;
Flick'ring and flack'ring to right and to left,
Sure they all seem of their senses bereft.

All things around me are whirling about,
One sober man alone, dare I come out?
That seems too venturesome, almost a sin—
Think I had better go back to the inn!

THE TAILOR'S FRIGHT.

(Schneiderschreck.)

GOETHE.

HARK! was not that a rifle?
Now, say, who fired the shot?
It was the youthful huntsman
I' the garden-house, I wot.

The sparrows in the garden
Were cause of grief and woe:
Two sparrows and a tailor
Were by the shot laid low.

The tailor he was frighten'd;
The sparrows they were hurt:
The sparrows fell in the bean-field,
The tailor in the dirt.





(Kuriose Geschichte.)

REINICK.

As once I went out for a walk, you see,
A curious circumstance happened to me:
A huntsman I saw through the thorny brake
Ride to and fro by the woodland lake.
The stags by the roadside came bounding on:
What did the huntsman? He shot not one;
But he wound his hunting horn lustily.
Now I ask you, good people, what may this be?

And as I pursued my way, you see,
Another strange circumstance happened to me:
A fisher-maid in a boat on the lake
Rowed to and fro near the thorny brake.
The fishes leapt to the setting sun;
What did the maiden? She caught not one;
But she sang a roundelay merrily.
Now I ask you, good people, what may this be?

For an hour I'd been walking on, you see,
When the strangest circumstance happened to me:
Towards me a riderless horse advanced;
An empty boat on the clear lake danced;
And I saw, 'neath the willows that grew close by,
Two persons whispering secretly;
And 'twas late, and the moon shone radiantly.
Now I ask you, good people, what this may be?

IT IS ALL ONE!

(S'ist mir alles eins.)

It is all one, it is all one,
If I money have or none.
It is all one, it is all one,
If I money have or none.

He who money has, can take a wife;
He who none has, leads a happier life.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, can speculate;
He who's none, his losses can't be great.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, may be a boor;
He who's none, may be so all the more.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, with his sweetheart goes;
If he none has, some one else does.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, can a-sleighing go;
He who none has, shuffles through the snow.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, can on oysters sup;
He who none has, may eat the shells up.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, to the play may roam;
He who none has, may play the fool at home.
It is all one, &c.

He who money has, must die at last;
He who none has, dies just as fast.
It is all one, it is all one,
If I money have or none.





CRADLE SONG.

PEACEFULLY slumber, my own darling son;
Close thy dear eyelids and sweetly sleep on;
All things lie buried in silence profound.
Sleep—I will scare e'en the gnats floating round.

'Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May—
Ah! but to-morrow is not as to-day.
Trouble and care round thy curtains shall soar;
Then, child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no more.

Angels of heaven, as lovely as thou,
Float o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now.
Later, when angels around thee shall stray,
'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son,
I'll watch by thy bedside till dark night is gone;
Careless how early, how late it may be,
Mother's love wearies not, watching o'er thee.



LIFE STILL ENJOY, FRIENDS.

(Freut euch des Lebens.)

J. M. Usteri.

Life still enjoy, friends,
While yet the lamplet glows;
Ere it hath faded
Pluck ye the rose.

Men for themselves make grief and care,
Seek thorns in life, and find them there;
And never heed the violet flower
That blooms, their path beside.
Life then enjoy, &c.

When all creation 's veil'd in cloud,
When roars the thunder o'er us loud,
At evening, when the storm is past,
The sun shines twice as fair.
Life then enjoy, &c.*

Who from revenge and hate hath fled
To sow contentment's seed instead,
Will find it grow a gallant tree
To bear him golden fruit.
Life then enjoy, &c.

Who loveth truth and probity,
Who to the poor gives bounteously,
Shall find content a willing guest
Blithely with him to dwell.
Life then enjoy, &c.

Though dark his dreary path may grow,
Though fate may work him plague and woe,
Friendship shall stretch a sister's hand
To greet the worthy man.
Life then enjoy, &c.

She wipes away his tears that fall,
She streweth flow'rets on his pall,
She turneth midnight into dawn,
And dawning into day.
Life then enjoy, &c,

* "Freut euch des Lebens" has an unbounded popularity among the lower classes in Germany, though it is not very apparent by what merit this distinction has been gained.

She is our being's fairest band;
She gives us, brothers, hand for hand;
So wend we glad and joyously
To better fatherland.
Life then enjoy, friends,
While yet the lamplet glows;
Ere it hath faded
Pluck ye the rose.



WANDERER'S SONG.

(Wanderlied.)



THE trees are all budding, the May-time has come,
Then tarry who listeth with sorrow at home;
As the cloudlets wander through skies far away,
So standeth my desire through the wide world to stray.

My father, my mother, may God guard ye well,
For where my fortunes bloom in the world, who can tell?
There stretches many a highroad where never I did stride,
There grows full many a wine that I never yet have tried.

Arise, then, arise, in the bright sunny ray,
And over the mountains, and through the vale away;
The brooklets are babblers, the trees a rustling crowd;
My heart is like a skylark that singeth out aloud!

At ev'n, in the village, I seek the vintner's sign—
"Mine host, ho! mine host,—a can of sparkling wine;
Ho, take up thy fiddle, thou merry fiddler thou,
A song of my dear maiden I'll sing to thee now."

What though I find no shelter, then lie I at night
All under the blue heaven, where watch the stars so bright;
The wind in the linden rocks me to rest amain,
And with a kiss the red morn will wake me again.

O wand'ring, O wand'ring, of free-born life the zest,
Thou send'st the breeze of heaven so freshly to the breast;—
That gaily to heaven my heart is singing now,—
How beautiful, thou wide world, how beautiful art thou!



ORIGINAL.

DER Mai ist gekommen, die Bäume schlagen aus,
Da bleibe, wer Lust hat, mit Sorgen zu Haus;
Wie die Wolken wandern, am himmlischen Zelt,
So steht auch mir der Sinn in die weite weite Welt.

Herr Vater, Frau Mutter, dass Gott euch behüt,
Wer weiss wo in der Ferne mein Glück mir noch blüht,
Es giebt so manche Strasse, wo nimmer ich marschirt,
Es giebt so manchen Wein den ich nimmer noch probirt.

Frisch auf denn, frisch auf, im hellen Sonnenstrahl,
Wohl über die Berge, wohl durch das tiefe Thal;
Die Quellen erklingen, die Bäume rauschen all',
Mein Herz ist wie 'ne Lerche, und stimmet ein mit Schall.

Am Abend, im Wirthshaus, da kehr' ich durstig ein,
"Herr Wirth, he, Herr Wirth, 'ne kanne blanken Wein!
Ergreife die Fidel, du lust' ger Spielmann du,
Vor meinem Schatz das Liedel das sing ich dazu."

Und find ich keine Herberg', so lieg ich zu Nacht,
Wohl unter freiem Himmel, die Sterne halten Wacht;
Im Winde die Linde, die rauscht mich ein gemach,
Es küsset in der Früh' das Morgenroth mich wach.

O Wandern, O Wandern, du freie Burschenlust,
Da wehet Gottes Odem so frisch in die Brust:
Da singet und jauchzet das Herz zum Himmelszelt,
"Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite Welt."



NOR LUCK NOR STAR.

(Kein Glück noch Stern.)

From the Lower Rhine.

THERE fell a frost in the clear spring night;
It fell upon the blue-flowers bright,
So that they wither'd and perish'd.

There was a youth, and he loved a maid,
And silently from home they fled:
Nor father nor mother knew it.

And they have wander'd near and far;
But they had neither luck nor star,
So that they died and perish'd.

Around their grave the blue flowers wreathe,
Entwined, in embrace, like the lovers beneath:
No frost can wither or kill them.

ORIGINAL.

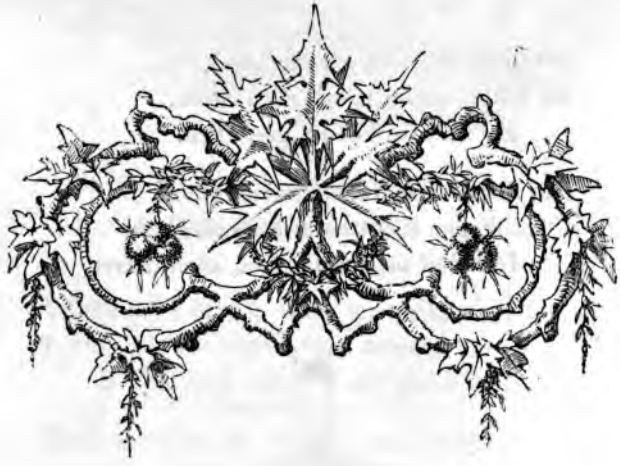
ES fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht,
Wohl auf die schönen Blaublümelein,
Sie sind verwelket, verdörret.

Ein Knabe hatte ein Mägdlein lieb,
Sie liefen heimlich von Hause fort,
Es wusst's nicht Vater noch Mutter.

Sie liefen weit in's fremde Land,
Sie hatten weder Glück noch Stern,
Sie sind verdorben, gestorben.

Auf ihrem Grab Blaublümlein blühn,
Umschlingen sich treu, wie sie im Grab,
Der Reif sie nicht welket, noch dörret.





LOVE SONGS,

BALLADS,



The Hostess' Daughter

AND

ROMANCES.

Love Songs, Ballads, and Romances.

In the arrangement of this department the selection of Fink has, to a certain extent, been followed; though some of the ballads are not devoted to the description of the affections, and should therefore, strictly speaking, have been separately classed. The materials in this branch of song-writing are so extensive that a complete selection was out of the question. Some of the earliest German love songs are to be found in the "Galliarden," and similar publications of the sixteenth century.

A LOVER'S SONG.

(Liedchen der Sehnsucht.)

1583.

THE peaceful sleep that falleth all upon,
Can never stay my heart's sad, weary moan;
There's one can make me glad, and one alone.

Nor meat nor drink can ever nourish me,
No sport can make my heart beat joyously;
That can but she who in my heart doth lie.

Where men are merry, I would not go there;
By night and day I'm lonely in my care:
That maketh she whom in my heart I bear.

To her alone I look with steadfast faith,
Hoping she'll soon look down on me beneath,
Lest that I fall in power of bitter death.

This old song appeared in a collection entitled "Ein Ausbund schöner weltlicher und züchtiger Deutscher Lieder." It is also to be found in Erlach's collection, and in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," Brentano's famous work.

DAME NIGHTINGALE.

(Frau Nachtigall.)

From the "Galliardten" of Rosthio, dated 1598.

Dame Nightingale, prepare to roam,
The day doth break, the time hath come!
For thou true messenger shalt be
All to my dearest love for me—

Who in her little herb-gardén
Doth thee await in care and pain;
Many hot sighs do her escape,
Till thou to her good news shalt take.

Then get thee up, delay not long;
Go thou with gay and merry song,
And her from me full kindly greet;
Say, I myself will soon her meet.

A thousand times she shall not fail
To welcome thee fair,—Dame Nightingale,—
At the same hour she 'll show thee, too,
Wounded with love, her heart so true.

By Venus' arrow is she pierced,—
Do thou her cure; and tell her first,
That she shall cease her sigh and wail—
Do well thy task, Dame Nightingale.

ORIGINAL.

FRAU Nachtigall, mach' dich bereit,
Der Tag bricht an, es ist hoch Zeit,
Du sollst mein treuer Bote seyn—
Wohl zu der Allerliebsten mein.

Die dein in ihrem Würzgärtlein,
Thut warten mit gross Noth und Pein;
Manch heisser Seufzer ihr 'raus dringt—
Bis ihr von mir gut Botschaft bringst.

So mach dich auf, säum' doch nicht lang,
Fahr hin mit schön und fröhlichem Gesang,
Sprich ihr meinen Gruss in's Herz hinein,
Sag, ich woll' selbst bald bei ihr sein.

Sie wird dich heissen zu tausendmal,
Willkommen sein, Frau Nachtigall,
Wird dir auch zeigen zur selben Stund,
Ihr treues Herz, mit Lieb' verwund't.

Durch Venus Pfeil ist es verletzt;
Drum du sie alles Leids ergetz',
Sag', dass sie ihren Unmuth lass fall';
Richt's nur recht aus, Frau Nachtigall.

THE OLD LOVE SONGS.

(Von den alten Liebesliedern.)

AMBROSIUS METZGER.

BEFORE my true-love's threshold
I needs would up and ride—
She saw me from afar off,
And joyfully she cried:
"My heart's delight I see,
Now trots he here to me;
Trot, good steed, trot—
Trot speedily."

Then let I loose the bridle,
And flew my love to meet;
And greeted her so gaily,
And said in accents sweet:
"My pretty love, so fair,
What dost at threshold there?
Trot, good steed, trot—
Trot now to her."

Off sprang I from my steed then,—
To the door I bound it fast,—
And kindly I embraced her,—
Nor slow the moments passed.
To the garden then went we,
All filled with lovers' glee;
Trot, good steed, trot,—
Trot silently.

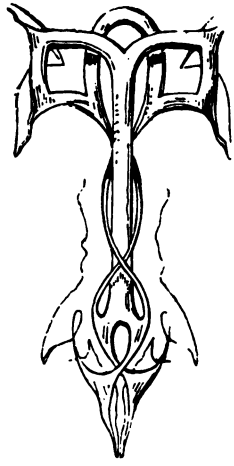
And pleasantly together
In the green grass sat we then;
Of olden times the love songs
We sang once and again.
Till we to weep were fain,
For the hate of scornful men;
Trot, good steed, trot—
Trot home amain.

A modernised version of this song has lately become popular in England. The text, of which the above is a translation, is to be found in Erlach's "Deutsche Lieder." It dates as early as the year 1612.

THE BROKEN RING.

(Das Zerbrochene Ringlein.)

J. v. EICHENDORFF.



HERE goes, in a pleasant valley,
A mill-wheel round and round.
My faithless love hath vanished,
Whom dwelling there I found.

She promised she'd be faithful,
She gave me a ring thereto;
Her plighted troth she's broken,—
My ring hath sprung in two.

I would I were a minstrel,
To travel the wide world o'er,
And sing in my vagrant fashion,
Wand'ring from door to door.

Or, I would be a trooper,
And rush to the bloody fight;
And lie by the silent watchfire,
Afield in the darksome night.

Hear I the mill-wheel turning,
I know not what I will;—
Soonest of all I'd perish,—
Then were it for ever still.

ORIGINAL.

IN einem kühlen Grunde,
Da geht ein Mühlenrad,
Mein' Liebste ist verschwunden,
Die dort gewohnet hat.

Sie hat mir Treu versprochen,
Gab mir einen Ring dabei;
Sie hat die Treu gebrochen,
Mein Ringlein sprang entzwei.

Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen,
Weit in die Welt hinaus;
Und singen meine Weisen,
Und gehn von Haus zu Haus.

Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
Wohl in die blut' ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen,
Im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

Hör' ich das Mühlrad gehen:
Ich weiss nicht was ich will—
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben
Da wär's auf einmal still.

A WISH.

(Ein Wunsch.)

REINICK'S "Lieder und Bilder."

I LOVED thee well, and thou knew'st it not;
I would have spoken, yet dared I not.
For better days I'd stay.

The better days—I found them not;
Another came, and he tarried not;
And I passed from thy heart away.

Well may he love thee,—I know it not;
More faithful than I,—I believe it not.—
That thou may'st be happy, I pray.





THE PEASANT'S RULE.

(Bauernregel.)

UHLAND.

SEEK thee a true-love in summer time,
I'the garden or in the wild;
For then the days are long enough,
And then the nights are mild.

Ere winter comes, let the pleasant bond
Be fastened firm and tight,—
That thou may'st not late in a snowdrift wait
In the cold, clear moonlight night.

SIR OLOF.

(Herr Oluf.)



SIR Olof rides late, and far on his way,
To summon the guests for his wedding-day.

The elfs they dance on the grassy strand,
And the erl-king's daughter gives him her hand.

"Now hail! Sir Olof,—now why would'st flee?
Come join our revel, and dance with me."

"I will not dance now, nor dance I may;
To-morrow, at morn, is my wedding-day."

"Yet listen, Sir Olof; wilt dance with me,
Two golden spurs will I give to thee;

"And a silken doublet so white and fine,
That my mother hath bleached in the pale moonshine."

"I will not dance now, nor dance I may;
To-morrow, at morn, is my wedding-day."

"Yet listen, Sir Olof; wilt dance with me,
A heap of gold will I give to thee."

"A heap of gold thou may'st give to me,
But I may not, and will not, dance with thee."

"And dost thou disdain me, Sir Olof, this day,
Then sickness and sorrow shall track thy way!"

With that on his heart she smote him amain,
And never before had he felt such pain.

She raised him all pale on his charger there,—
"Ride home now, and greet me thy bride so fair."

And when he came to the castle gate,
There did his mother, all trembling, wait.

"O listen, my son, and answer me true,
Whence hath thy visage that ghastly hue?"

"In the erl-king's realm have I been by night,
My mother; and shall not my face be white?"

"Now tell me, my son, so dear, so fair,
What greeting I to thy bride may bear."

"Go tell her I to the wood am bound,
To breathe my steed, and to prove my hound."

And scantly the light of morn was come,
Ere came the bride and the bride-guests home.

They poured the mead, and they poured the wine,—
"Now, where is Sir Olof, the bridegroom mine?"

"Forth to the wood is Sir Olof bound,
To breathe his steed, and to prove his hound."

The bride raised the curtain of scarlet red,—
There lay Sir Olof,—and he was dead.

ORIGINAL.

HERR Oluf reitet spät und weit,
Zu bieten auf seine Hochzeitleut';

Da tanzen die Elfen auf grünem Land',
Erlkönig's Tochter reicht ihm die Hand.

"Willkommen, Herr Oluf, was eilst von hier?
Tritt hier in den Reihen und tanz' mit mir."

"Ich darf nicht tanzen, nicht tanzen ich mag,
Frühmorgen ist mein Hochzeittag."

"Hör' an, Herr Oluf, tritt tanzen mit mir,
Zwei güld' ne Sporne schenk ich dir.

"Ein Hemd von Seide, so weiss und fein,
Mein Mutter bleicht's mit Modenschein."

"Ich darf nicht tanzen, nicht tanzen ich mag,
Frühmorgen ist mein Hochzeittag."

"Hör' an, Herr Oluf, tritt tanzen mit mir,
Einen Haufen Goldes schenk' ich dir."

"Einen Haufen Goldes nähm' ich wohl;
Doch tanzen ich nicht darf noch soll."

"Und willst, Herr Oluf, nicht tanzen mit mir;
Soll Seuch' und Krankheit folgen dir."

Sie thät einen Schlag ihm auf sein Herz,
Doch nimmer fühlt' er solchen Schmerz.

Sie hob ihn bleichend auf sein Pferd,
" Reit heim nun zu dein'm Fräulein werth."

Und als er kam vor Hauses Thür,
Seine Mutter zitternd stand dafür.

" Hör' an mein Sohn, sag' an mir gleich,
Wie ist dein' Farbe so blass und bleich?"

" Und sollt' sie nicht sein blass und bleich,
Ich traf in Erlenkönig's Reich."

"Hör' an mein Sohn, so lieb und traut,
Was soll ich nun sagen deiner Braut?"

" Sagt ihr' ich sei im Wald zur Stund',
Zu proben allda mein Pferd und Hund."

Frühmorgen, und als es Tag kaum war,
Da kam die Braut mit der Hochzeitschaar.

Sie schenkten Meth, sie schenkten Wein,
" Wo ist Herr Oluf, der Bräutigam mein?"

" Herr Oluf, er ritt in Wald zur Stund,
Er probt allda sein Pferd und Hund."

Die Braut hob auf den Scharlach roth,
Da lag Herr Oluf, und er war todt.

This is a ballad of Danish origin. Herder included it in his collection of "Popular Songs," published at Leipzig, in 1779.

WANDERING.

(Wanderschaft.)

W. Müller.



WAND'RING — it is the
miller's joy
To wander;
The miller must be
good for naught
Who in his life had
never thought
To wander.

It was the water taught us this,—
The water,
That hath no rest by night or day,
That would be wand'ring far away,—
The water.

This learn we from the mill-wheels too,—
The mill-wheels,
That loth to tarry still are found,
And never tire of turning round,—
The mill-wheels.

The pebbles, heavy though they be,—
The pebbles,—
Must mingle in the merry race,
And would be first to quit the place,—
The pebbles.

Oh, wand'ring, wand'ring, my desire
To wander!
Good master mine, good mistress, pray
Let me in quiet go my way,
And wander.

THE WATER IT RUSHES.

(Es rauschet das Wasser.)

GÖTHE—From the Operetta of "Jery und Bätely."

THE water it rushes,
And never will stay;
The stars through the sky
Wend so gaily their way;
The clouds through the heavens
So merrily glide—
Thus love rushes onward,
And ne'er may abide.

ANSWER.

THE waters rush onward,
The cloudlets pass by;
But the stars go not from us,—
They stay, though they fly:

Of love that is loyal
The like we may say;
It heaves and it rushes,
Yet fades not away.

SONG.

(Vergiftet sind meine Lieder.)

H. Heine.

Thou say'st my songs are poisoned;—
How otherwise could it be?
Hast thou not mingled the poison
In my blooming life for me?

Thou say'st my songs are poisoned;—
How otherwise might it be?
I carry snakes in my bosom;
I carry, beloved one, thee!

ORIGINAL.

VERGIFTET sind meine Lieder;—
Wie könnt' es anders seyn?
Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen
In's blühende Leben hinein.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder;—
Wie könnt' es anders seyn?
Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein.



THE MOON-DIAL.

(Die Monduhr.)

REINICK.

To the joyous feast has the ranger gone;
Through the darksome wood strides the poacher on.

The ranger's wife and child are asleep;
Through their chamber-window the moonbeams peep.

And while they play on the wall so white,
The child grasps the mother in wild affright!

"O mother, where tarries my father dear?—
I am so cold and so sick with fear."

"My child, look not where the moonbeams creep;
But close thine eyes, child, and go to sleep."

The moon's light travels along the wall,
And now on the polished gun doth fall.

"Mother, that sound!—and hear'st thou not?—
'Twas not father's gun that fired the shot."

"My child, look not where the moonbeams creep;
That was a dream, love,—go thou to sleep."

The moonlight doth still through the chamber stream
On the father's picture with pallid beam.

"Lord Jesus guard us this fearful night!—
Look, mother, my father is deadly white!"

Then sprang from her slumber the mother in dread!
And lo! they were bringing her husband—dead!

THE FISHERMAIDEN.

(Das Fischermädchen.)

H. Heine.

Thou beauteous fishermaiden,
Come, guide thy boat to land;
Come, sit thee down beside me,—
We'll commune, hand in hand.

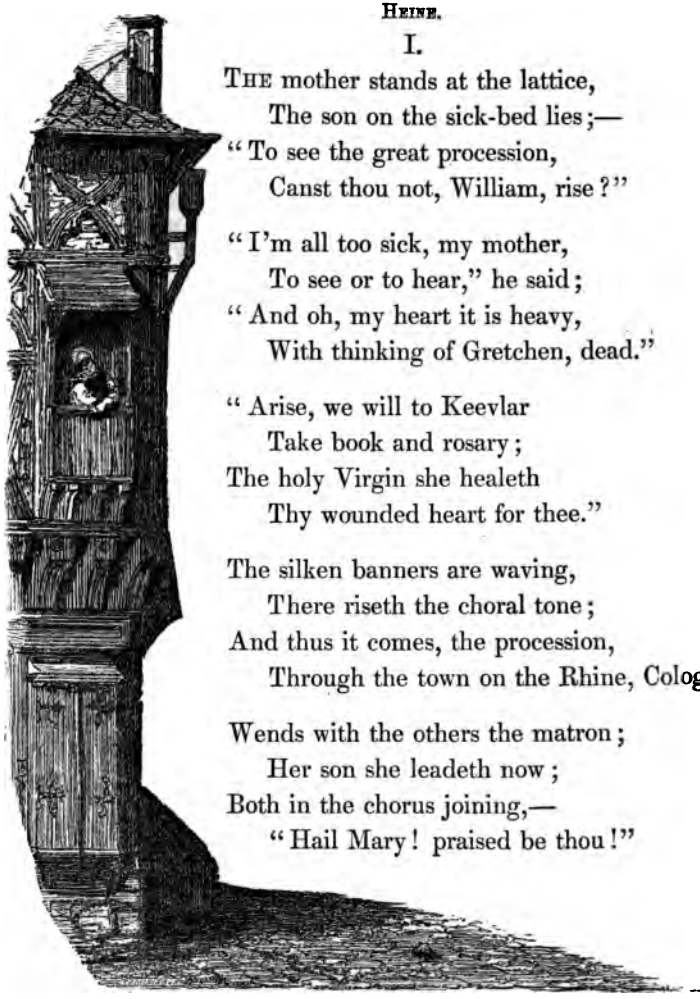
Come, lay thy head on my shoulder,
And fear me not, my child,
That trustest thyself so fearless
Each day to the ocean wild.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm, and ebb, and tide;
And many pearls of beauty
Within its caverns bide.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEEVLAR.

(Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar.)

HEINE.



I.

THE mother stands at the lattice,
The son on the sick-bed lies;—
"To see the great procession,
Canst thou not, William, rise?"

"I'm all too sick, my mother,
To see or to hear," he said;
"And oh, my heart it is heavy,
With thinking of Gretchen, dead."

"Arise, we will to Keevlar
Take book and rosary;
The holy Virgin she healeth
Thy wounded heart for thee."

The silken banners are waving,
There riseth the choral tone;
And thus it comes, the procession,
Through the town on the Rhine, Cologne.

Wends with the others the matron;
Her son she leadeth now;
Both in the chorus joining,—
"Hail Mary! praised be thou!"



II.



AT Keevlar the Virgin Mary
Is deck'd in garments gay,—
For much there is to accomplish,
Much sick folk cometh to-day.

And with them they bring the sick ones,
As offerings fair and meet;—
Limbs that of wax are fashioned,
Many waxen hands and feet.

To him who a wax hand offers,
Will heal on his hand the wound;

The cripple who brings a wax foot,
His foot will grow firm and sound.

There are many who dance on the rope now,
To Keevlar on crutches went in;
There are many could stir ne'er a finger,
Who now play the violin.

The mother took a wax-light,
And fashioned therefrom a heart,—
"Come, offer thou that to the Virgin,
And so shall she heal thy smart."

The son took the wax-light, sighing,
Went sighing to bring his dole,
The tear-drop welled from his eyelid,
The word welled forth from his soul.

"Thou pure and spotless maiden,
Thou blest of God on high,
Thou Queen of highest heaven,
Hear thou my anguish-cry.

"My dwelling, and my mother's,
Was in Cologne, the town—
The town which many hundred
Churches and chapels doth own.

"And next to us lived Gretchen,—
But dead, alack, is she:—
I bring thee a wax heart, Mary;
Heal thou this heart for me.

"Heal thou my heart that's wounded,
And early and late I vow
To pray and to sing devoutly;
Hail, Mary! praised be thou!"

III.

THE sick son and his mother
Asleep in the chamber were,—
When lo! the holy Virgin
All silently entered there.

She bent her over the sick one,
And on his heart did lay
So softly her healing finger,—
And smiled, and went her way.

The mother saw in a vision
All this—and saw yet more;
Then started she from her slumbers,
The dogs they barked so sore.

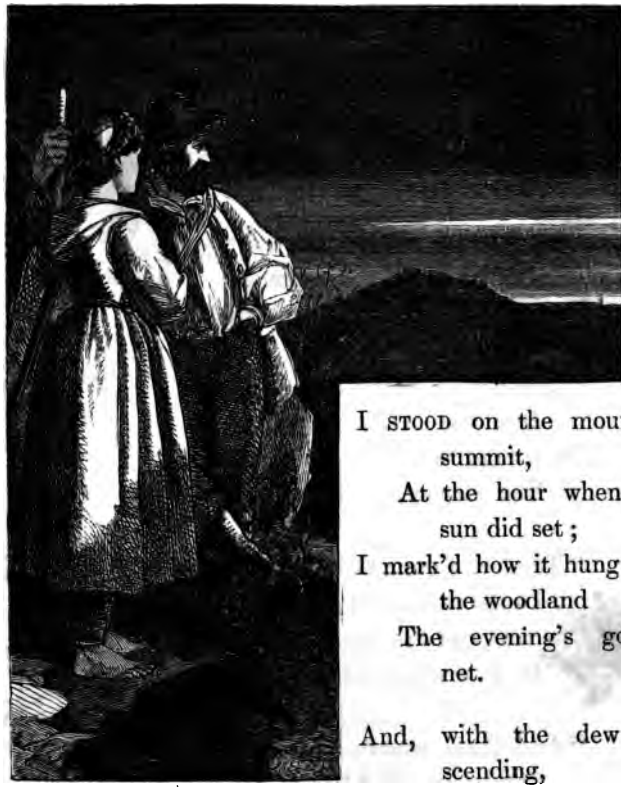
And there lay stretched before her
Her son, and he was dead;
There played on his ashen features
The light of the morning red.

Then folded her hands the mother;
She felt—she knew not how;
Devoutly sang she in whispers,—
"Hail, Mary! praised be thou!"

EVENING SONG.

(Abendlied.)

F. RUCKERT.



I STOOD on the mountain summit,
At the hour when the sun did set;
I mark'd how it hung o'er the woodland
The evening's golden net.

And, with the dew descending,
A peace on the earth there fell,—
And nature lay hushed in quiet,
At the voice of the evening bell.

I said, "O heart, consider
What silence all things keep,—
And, with each child of the meadow
Prepare thyself to sleep.

"For every flower is closing
In silence its little eye,—
And every wave in the brooklet
More softly murmureth by.

"The weary caterpillar
Hath nestled beneath the weeds;
All wet with dew now slumbers
The dragon-fly in the reeds.

"The golden beetle hath laid him
In a rose-leaf cradle to rock;
Now wend to their nightly shelter
The shepherd and his flock.

"The lark from on high is seeking
In the moistened grass her nest;
The hart and the hind have laid them
In their woodland haunt to rest.

"And whoso owneth a cottage
To slumber hath laid him down;
And he that roams among strangers
In dreams shall behold his own."

And now doth a yearning seize me,
At this hour of peace and love,
That I cannot reach the dwelling,
The home that is mine, above.

ORIGINAL.

ICH stand auf Berges Halde
Als die Sonn' hinunter gieng,
Und sah wie überm Walde
Des Abends Goldnetz hing.

Des Himmels Wolken thauten,
Der Erde Frieden zu,
Bei Abendglockenlauten
Ging die Natur zur Ruh.

Ich sprach: "O Herz empfinde
Der Schöpfung Stille nun,
Und schick, mit jedem Kinde
Der Flur dich auch, zu ruhn.

"Die Blumen alle schliessen
Die Augen allgemach,
Und alle Wellen fliessen
Besänftiget im Bach.

"Nun hat der müde Silfe
Sich unter's Blatt gesetzt,
Und die Libell' am Schilfe
Entschlummert, thaubenetzt.

"Es ward dem goldnen Käfer
Zur Wieg' ein Rosenblatt;
Die Heerde mit dem Schäfer
Sucht ihre Lagerstatt.

"Die Lerche sucht aus Lüften
Ihr feuchtes Nest im Klee,
Und in des Waldes Schlüften
Ihr Lager Hirsch und Reh.

"Wer sein ein Hüttchen nennet,
Ruht nun darin sich aus;
Und wen die Fremde trennet,
Den trägt ein Traum nach Haus."

Mich fasset ein Verlangen
Dass ich zu dieser Frist,
Hinauf kann nicht gelangen
Wo meine Heimath ist.



SONG.

H. Heine.

A YOUNG man loves a maiden,
Who chooseth another to wed;
The other loves yet another,
But marries this maiden instead.

Then needs must the jilted maiden
Go marry out of spite
The first, her path who crosses;—
I ween he's a luckless wight.

It is but the old, old story,
That ever remaineth new;
And his heart is like to be broken,
Whom just it happens to.

ORIGINAL.

EIN Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
Der Andere liebt eine And're,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Aerger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen,—
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

BARBAROSSA.

FR. RÜCKERT.

THE ancient Barbarossa
By magic spell is bound,—
Old Frederic the Kaiser,—
In castle underground.

The kaiser hath not perish'd,
He sleeps an iron sleep;
For, in the castle hidden,
He's sunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith, in fitting season,
He shall appear again.

The kaiser he is sitting
Upon an ivory throne;
Of marble is the table
His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen,—
Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth,
Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
A stripling to his side.

"Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
Are wheeling round the hill.

"For if the ancient ravens
Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
By magic spell I'm bound."

The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa lost his life in the little river Calicadnus, in Silicia. Attempting to cross the stream, he was carried away by the current and perished. The vague hopes which always linger in the bosoms of the people when the news of the death of one of their heroes arrives in any but the most explicit and authentic form, gave rise among the peasants of Germany to the belief that the emperor was not really dead, but would at some future season reappear to claim the empire which has since his disappearance undergone such grievous changes and misfortunes. The Kylfhäuser Berg in Thuringia, the Untersberg near Salzburg, and other places, are pointed out by various village sages as the scene of their emperor's protracted hybernation. The popularity of Barbarossa among the lower orders of Germany was very great, and the idea of his reappearance was as confidently and ardently looked for in many a Swabian home as was the return of the unfortunate Monmouth by the brave peasants of the west, who had risked and lost all by their participation in his luckless exploit.



SONG.

H. Heine.

A star is falling, is falling,
Adown from its sparkling height;
The star of love it is, yonder,
That falleth in my sight.

The whiten'd buds are falling
In showers from the apple-tree;
They're coming, the sportive breezes
To scatter them in their glee.

The swan on the lake is singing,
And sailing to and fro;
And ever, more softly singing,
He sinks to the flood below.

How still it is, how darksome,—
The wind sweeps the leaves along,—
In splinters the star hath shivered,
And mute is the swan's low song.

ORIGINAL.

Es fällt ein Stern herunter,
Aus seiner funkelnden Höh'—
Das ist der Stern der Liebe,
Den ich dort fallen seh'.

Es fallen vom Apfelbaume,
Der weissen Blätter viel;

Es kommen die neckenden Lüfte,
Und treiben damit ihr Spiel.

Es singt der Schwan im Weiher
Und rudert auf und ab;
Und immer leiser singend'
Taucht er in's Fluthengrab.

Es ist so still und dunkel,
Verweht ist Blatt und Blüth;
Der Stern ist knisternd zerstoben,
Verklungen das Schwanenlied.

BALLAD.

E. M. Arndt.

And the sun his fiery course rode he
Round the world;
And the stars they said: "We will wend with thee
Round the world."
"Remain ye at home," 'gan the sun to chide,
"Or I scorch out your golden eyes in my ride—
My fiery ride round the world."

Then went the stars to the gentle moon,
In the night;
And they spake: "O thou, on thy cloudy throne,
In the night,
Let us wend with thee, for thy milder ray
Will not burn the light of our eyes away."
So she took them, companions of night.

Dear moon and stars, we will greet ye well,
In the night
What silently stirs in the heart ye can tell,
In the night;
Come, light up your heaven-lamps on high,
That I may roam forth right joyously
To the merry diversions of night.

DOUBLE SONG.

(Zwiegesang.)

REINICK'S "Lieder und Bilder."

IN the elder bush a bird there sat,
In the beauteous, silent night of May;
Beneath, a maid on the grassy plat,
In the beauteous, silent night of May.
When the maiden sang, would the bird's note cease;
When the bird sang, held the maid her peace.
And louder it grew,
The song of those two,
The silent moonlit valley through.

And pray what sang the young bird there,
Through the beauteous, silent night of May?
And what, I pray, sang the maiden fair,
In the beauteous, silent night of May?—

In the vernal sun did the bird rejoice,
Of the joys of love sang the maiden's voice.
How the words of her song
To my heart did throng,
I ne'er shall forget, my whole life long.

THE TWO COFFINS.

(Die zwei Särge.)

J. KERNER.



AWAY in the old cathedral
Two coffins stand alone;
In one of them sleeps King Ottmar,
And the singer rests in one.

The king sat once in power,
High throned in his father's land;
The crown still graces his temples,
The falchion his kingly hand.

But near the proud king the singer
Is peacefully sleeping on,
In his lifeless hand still clasping
The harp of the pious tone.

The castles around are falling,
The war-cry rings through the land,
The sword, it stirreth never
There in the dead king's hand.

Blossoms and vernal breezes
Are floating the vale along,
And the singer's harp is sounding
In never-ending song.

ORIGINAL.

ZWEI Särge einsam stehen
In des alten Domes Hut,
König Ottmar liegt in dem einen,
In dem Andern der Sänger ruht.

Der König sass einst mächtig
Hoch auf der Väter Thron,
Ihm liegt das Schwert in der Rechten,
Und auf dem Haupte die Kron'.

Doch neben dem stolzen König,
Da liegt der Sänger traut,
Man noch in seinen Händen
Die fromme Harfe schaut.

Die Burgen rings zerfallen
Schlachtruf tönt durch das Land,
Das Schwert, das regt sich nimmer,
Da, in des Königs Hand.

Blüthen und milde Lüfte
Wehen das Thal entlang,—
Des Sängers Harfe tönet
In ewigem Gesang.



THE SUNKEN CROWN.

(Die versunkene Krone.)

L. Uhland.

Aloft, on yonder hill-side
A little cot doth stand;
You look from off its threshold
Far out upon the land.
There sits a free-born peasant
Upon the bank at even,
And wets his scythe, and singeth
His grateful song to Heaven.

Below, on the lake, are falling,
The silent shadows down;
Beneath the wave lies hidden,
All rich and rare, a crown.
In the darksome night it sparkles
With rubies and sapphires gay;
But no man recks where it lieth
From the times so old and gray.

ORIGINAL.

DA droben auf dem Hügel
Da steht ein kleines Haus,
Man sieht von seiner Schwelle
In's weite Land hinaus.—
Da sitzt ein freier Bauer
Am Abend auf der Bank,
Er dengelt seine Sense
Und singt dem Himmel Dank.

Da drunten in dem Grunde,
Da dämmert längst der Teich,
Es liegt in ihm versunken
Eine Krone, stolz und reich;
Sie lässt zu Nacht wohl spielen
Karfunkel und Saphir,
Sie liegt seit grauen Jahren
Und Niemand sucht nach ihr.

LORE-LEY.

H. Heine.



I CANNOT tell what it meaneth
That I am so sad to-day;
A legend of times departed
Will not from my brain away.
The air is cool, and it darkens,
And quietly flows the Rhine,
While over the mountain summits
The evening sunbeams shine.

A maiden of peerless beauty
Is wondrously sitting there;
They sparkle, her golden jewels;
She combeth her golden hair.
With a comb of gold she combs it,
And a song, too, singeth she,—
That song hath a wondrous ringing
Of powerful melody.

The boatman in yonder shallop
Is seized with a wild delight;
He looketh not on the breakers,
His gaze is towards the height.
I ween the waves will have swallowed
Both boatman and bark ere long,—
And 'tis Lore-Ley who hath done this
By might of her magic song.

HOW CANST THOU SLEEP IN QUIET.

H. Heine.

How canst thou sleep in quiet,
'Mid the living while I remain?
Returneth the ancient anger,
Then shall I break my chain!

Hast heard the ancient ditty
That tells how a dead man hied,
And brought his love at midnight
To sleep in the grave by 's side?

Thou sweetest among the maidens,
Thou fairest, credit me,
I live, and I am stronger
Than ever the dead can be.

ORIGINAL.

WIE kannst du ruhig schlafen,
Und weisst ich lebe noch?
Der alte Zorn kommt wieder,
Und dann zerbrech ich mein Joch.

Kennst du das alte Liedchen:
Wie einst in todter Knab'
Um Mitternacht die Geliebte
Zu sich geholt in's Grab?

Glaub mir, du wunderschönes
Du wunderholdes' Kind,
Ich lebe, und bin noch stärker
Als alle Todten sind!

THE SERENADE.

L. UHLAND.

"OH, say what are those beauteous sounds,
Dear mother, prythee, see,
That at this silent midnight hour
From slumber waken me?"

"I nothing hear—I nothing see.—
O rest in slumber mild;
They're bringing thee no serenade,
My poor, my suff'ring child."

"Those are not music-sounds of earth
That make my heart so light;
The angels call me with their song,
O mother dear,—good night!"

THE HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

(Der Wirthinn Töchterlein.)

L. UHLAND.

OVER the Rhine came gallants three,
And drew the rein at an hostelry.

"Now hast thou good wine,—mine hostess, say;
And where is thy lovely daughter gay?"

"My wine it is bright, and fair to see;
My daughter, alas! in her shroud lies she."

And they enter'd the chamber with muffled tread,
Where a coffin black was the maiden's bed.

The first he lifted the veil from her face,
And look'd on the maiden with sorrowful gaze.

"O wert thou living, thou beauteous one,
How would I love thee from this day on!"

The second spread o'er her the veil where she lay,
And his tears fell fast as he turned him away.

"Ah, me! that thou liest thus dead on thy bier;
Have I not loved thee this many a year?"

But the third came forward, and lifted the veil,
And the maiden he kiss'd on her lips so pale.

"In the past, as to-day, I have loved but thee,
And I'll love thee still, through eternity."

ORIGINAL.

ES zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,
Bei einer Frau Wirthinn da kehrten sie ein.

"Frau Wirthinn, hat sie gut Bier und Wein?
Wo hat sie ihr schönes Töchterlein?"

"Mein Bier und Wein ist hell und klar;
Mein Töchterlein liegt auf der Todtenbahr."

Und als sie traten zur Kammer hinein,
Da lag sie in einem schwarzen Schrein.

Der Erste, der schob den Schleier zurück,
Und schaute sie an mit traurigem Blick.

"Ach, lebtest du noch, du schöne Maid,
Ich würde dich lieben von dieser Zeit."

Der Zweite deckte den Schleier zu,
Und kehrte sich ab, und weinte dazu.

"Ach dass du liegst auf der Todtenbahr!
Ich hab' dich geliebet so manches Jahr!"

Der dritte hob ihn wieder sogleich,
Und küsste sie an den Mund so bleich.

"Dich liebt' ich immer, dich lieb ich noch heut',
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit."







SONG.

("Wie ist doch die Erde.")

HERDER'S "Volkslieder.

How is the earth so fair, so fair!
The little birds know it well;
They lift their wings so lightly,
And, singing their songs so brightly,
Their joy to the heavens tell.

How is the earth so fair, so fair!
The rivers and lakes know it well,—

And paint on their clear bright bosom
Hill, city, and garden in blossom,
With the clouds that over them sail.

And poets and painters know it too;
And beside these many a one,—
Who painteth it not, he sings it;
An' he singeth it not, yet rings it
Through his heart with a joyful tone.

ORIGINAL.

WIE ist doch die Erde so schön, so schön!
Das wissen die Vögelein;
Sie heben ihr leicht Gefieder,
Und singen so fröhliche Lieder
In den blauen Himmel herein.

Wie ist doch die Erde so schön, so schön!
Das wissen die Flüss' und Seen:
Sie malen im klaren Spiegel
Die Gärten und Städt' und Hügel,
Und die Wolken die drüber gehn.

Und Sänger und Maler wissen es,
Und es wissen's viel andere Leut'!
Und wer's nicht malt, der singt es,
Und wer's nicht singt, dem klingt es,
In dem Herzen vor lauter Freud'!

BEWARE OF THE RHINE.

(Warnung vor dem Rhein.)

By the Rhine, by the Rhine, dwell not by the Rhine,
My son, I counsel thee fair;
Too beauteous will be that life of thine,
Too lofty thy courage there.

Seest the maidens so frank, and the men all so free,
A noble assembly so bright,
With thy soul all aglow, there's the dwelling for thee;
There seem all things fitting and right.

From the stream how they greet thee, the towers in their might,
And the ancient cathedral town,
When thou climbest aloft to the dizzying height,
To gaze on the waters down.

In the river upriseth the nymph from the vale,
And if once she hath on thee smiled,
And if Lorelei sings, with her lips so pale,
My son thou'rt for ever beguiled.

The glamour of sight and of sound will combine,
Till with shudd'ring delight thou shalt burn;—
Thou'lt sing of thy home "By the Rhine, by the Rhine!"
To thine own thou wilt never return!

IF THEY KNEW IT, THE LITTLE FLOW'RETS.

(Und wussten's die Blumen.)

H. Heine.

IF they knew it, the little flow'rets,
How deeply wounded my heart,
I ween they would all weep with me
To heal its aching smart.

And if the nightingales knew it,
How sick I am,—how sad,
They fain would carol for me
Their song so soothing and glad.

And knew they, the golden starlets,
And knew they of my woe,
They'd leave their high habitations
To comfort me here below.

But none of all these can know it,—
One only knoweth my smart;
Tis she who herself hath riven
And torn asunder my heart.

FALSE BLUE.

(Falsche Bläue.)

REINICK.

I've looked into the dark blue sea,
I've trusted to the deep blue sea;
A sky lay mirror'd bright therein,
And twinkling stars and moonlight sheen;
But sadly did it 'fall;—
For when to the deep sea I flew,
I found therein no sky of blue,
But wild waves to appal.—
'Twas treachery, falsehood, all!

I've looked unto the bright blue sky,
I've trusted to the bright blue sky;
It glanced so pure, it gleamed so fair,
A golden sun was rising there;
But sadly did it 'fall;—
The sun that burned so hot and proud,
Around me many a thunder-cloud
And lightning-flash did call.—
'Twas treachery, falsehood, all!

I've looked into two bright blue eyes,
I've trusted those two bright blue eyes;
They seemed so clear, and pure, and young,
I gazed thereon in raptures long;
But sadly did it 'fall;—
Their lightsome glance was angry glare,
A tossing flood their mirror fair,
That did my soul enthral.—
'Twas treachery, falsehood, all!

UNDER THE DARK LINDEN TREES.

(Unter den dunkeln Linden.)

REINICK.

RETURNING to my native place,
With joy at length the spot I trace,
Where the dark lindens greet me.—
'Twas there at parting we embraced,
'Twas there she on me looked her last,
And there my love will meet me.

And yet my heart seems sore in pain.—
What perfect stillness here doth reign!
The trees scarce stirring o'er me;
And from his nest so cheerfully
A little bird kept calling me,
As though *she* waited for me.

That was the sound my maid loved best.—
The nightingale's upon her nest,
The dark trees waving round her;
That ever was her fav'rite tree,
'Twas there our happy dreams dreamed we,
And there I always found her.

But now, when I approached to gaze,
Black crosses strewed our trysting place,
The dark trees o'er them sighing;
One grave I saw, still fresh and young,—
'Twas there the nightingale had sung,—
And there my love was lying.

THE NIBELUNGER'S TREASURE.

(Der Nibelungen Hort.)



'T was an ancient monarch
Ruled where the Rhine doth flow,
And nought he loved so little
As sorrow, feud, and woe:
His warriors they were striving
For a treasure in the land;
In sooth they near had perished
Each by his brother's hand.

Then spake he to the nobles:
"What boots this gold," he said,
"If with the finder's life-blood
The price thereof is paid?
The gold, to end the quarrel,
Cast to the Rhine away;
There lie the treasure hidden,
Till dawns the latest day!"

The proud ones took the treasure,
And cast it to the main;
I ween it all hath melted,
So long it there hath lain:
But, wedded to the waters
That long have o'er it rolled,
It clothes the swelling vineyards
With yellow gleam, like gold.

Oh, that each man were minded,
As thought this monarch good,
That never care might alter
His high, courageous mood!
Then deeply would we bury
Our sorrows in the Rhine,
And, glad of heart and grateful,
Would quaff his fiery wine.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

(Abschied vom alten Jahre.)

OSIANDER.

FAREWELL thou dear old year, with all
Thy joys and griefs, at last;—
Like those before thee, thou must fall
(Which once, like thee, I mine could call)
Into the hoary past.

Some hours of hope, and some of fear
Thou'st brought, old year, to me;
My thanks, with brimming wine-cup here,
With glee, and mirth, and carol clear,
I'll pay thee, heartily.

Thou'lt sacred be to me, when long
Are past thy moments fleet;
What though, my joyous wine among,
Some bitter drops at times were flung,
It still was passing sweet.

Though not a brighter drop may rise,
My goblet to adorn;
Though not a costlier glitt'ring prize
Within my purse concealed there lies
Than when thou first wert born,—

Thy pleasant dreamy whispering,
Dear memory, shall I know;
Each harvest still new wine shall bring,
In praise whereof we'll gladly sing;
And money—let it go.

Whate'er of counsel and of lore
Thou'st written in my heart,
Early and late I'll ponder o'er—
That when approacheth autumn hoar,
Good fruit it may impart.

Now once again farewell to thee,—
The midnight chime is near,
That to thy grave shall summon thee.—
Hark! hark! fill glasses speedily;
Hurrah! all hail, NEW YEAR!

BALLAD.

HEINE.

THE sickle moon of autumn
Peers white through clouds around;
The parsonage by the churchyard
Lies hushed in rest profound.

The mother reads in the Bible,
The son at the candle stares,
Sits yawning the elder daughter,
While the younger thus declares:—

"Alas! for the days we live here!
How creep they so wearily;
Save when one to the grave is carried,
What have we here to see?"

The mother says, 'mid her reading,
"Thou'rt wrong; but four have died
Since that thy father was carried
To rest by the church-door side."

Then yawneth the elder daughter:—
"I'll not starve here with ye;
I will to the count to-morrow,—
He's rich, and he loveth me."

The son breaks forth in laughter:
"There drink at the 'Star' below
Three who make gold, and who'll teach me
Their secret gladly, I know."

The mother flings the Bible
Right in his face so wan:
"And would'st thou, God-accurséd,
Become a highwayman?"

They hear a knock at the window,
They see a beckoning hand;
Without, in his black-priest garment,
Doth their dead father stand.





Student Songs.

Students' and Convivial Songs.



THE specimens given under this department have been selected from various "Studenten-Lieder-Bücher," and from Fink's collection. They will give the reader an idea of the convivial effusions affected by the German student. The lengthy song used at the inauguration of new companions (Weihelied), and the famous old Burschen-lied "Der Bursch von echtem Schrot und Korn," have purposely been omitted. Deprived of the music which should accompany them, and tricked out in an English dress, both these songs have an inexpressibly dreary effect. Besides, who would attempt a satisfactory rendering of a song containing such a verse as the following?—

"Als Bursche klirrend durch die Stadt
In seiner Majestät,
Blitzt um den Sporn die Funkensaat
Und Feuer kreuzweis weht!"

DRINKING SONG.

(Trinklied.)



G. A. von Halem.

OUR life is the life of a flower,—
Our sages have settled it so.
'Tis meet on this fact we should think, friends;
To moisten the flower we should drink, friends;
'Twill bloom all the sweeter, I trow.

Then life is compared to a journey,—
Our sages have settled it so.
Your glasses fill high! I opine, friends,
If we lay but the dust with good wine, friends,
Our journey the smoother shall go.

Our life to a dream may be likened,—
Our sages have settled it so.
They've here my concurrence again, friends;
Your glasses, your glasses all drain, friends;
We'll dream all the merrier, I trow.



THE MAN IN THE CELLAR.

(Der Mann im Keller.)

In the cool cellar, here, you see
I'm on a wine-cask seated,
In joyous guise, while unto me
The best of wine is meted;
The cooper fills the goblet up
When he beholds me winking.
I hold aloft the brimming cup
I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

The spectre Thirst possesses me;
In order, then, to lay him,
I shake my wine-glass lustily—
With Rhine wine I will slay him.
Now through a veil of rosy hue
At all the world I'm blinking,
No wrong would I to any do,—
I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

But, oh! my thirst will grow apace
With ev'ry cup I swallow;
In each true Rhine wine-drinker's case
This fact is sure to follow;
But I've some comfort still, though fast
From cask to floor I'm sinking,
I've done no wrong, from first to last,
While drinking, drinking, drinking.

THE TABLE-SONG OF TRUTH.

(Der Wahrheit Tafelsang.)

In wine, so saith the proverb old,
Fair truth is wont to stay;
Then, while our cups ring loud and long,
Arise—of truth the triumph-song
Be boldly sung to-day.

Long live who knows humanity,
Its duties, and its worth;
Who loves his brother man as much
An' if he walk with beggar's crutch,
Or clad in purple, forth.

Long live who ne'er hath bowed the knee
To golden idol's pride,—
Who owns for sordid pelf no care,
And not before a monarch's chair
Hath ever fawned or lied.

But he whom inward voices ne'er
To manly deed did call,
Who leisure for dull sloth hath found,
While innocence stood wailing round,
Full deeply may he fall.

Long live who hears the sick man's cry,
The poor man's woes can feel;

Who, by no thought of money led,
Nightly repairs to sickness' bed,
To comfort and to heal.

Perish who would the simple crowd
With sophistry ensnare;
Perish each judge with deepest shame
Who, at a mighty culprit's name,
Hath trembled in his chair.

Long live who waves for fatherland
The blood-stained banner high;
Who'll charge for freedom and the laws
(His shield the goodness of his cause),
Upon the enemy.

Long live who'll wage the sterner war
With error's direful night;
Who, though they "Crucify him" cry,
Though king and priest stand threat'ning by,
Will battle for the right.

And long live ev'ry honest man—
Each man of dauntless mood,
Each monarch and each serving-man,
Each citizen, each countryman,
Each man that doeth good.

ORIGINAL.

IM Weine wie das Spirchwort sagt,
Hüllt sich gern Wahrheit ein
Drum auf! Bei voller Gläser Klang!
Der Wahrheit frohes Hochgesang
Soll heut' gesungen seyn.

Es lebe wer der Menschheit Pflicht,
Der Menschheit Würde kennt!
Und wer den Mann am Krückenstock
Wie jenen dort im Purpurrock
Gleich willig Bruder nennt!

Es lebe, wer noch nie sein Knie
Vor gold'nen Götzen bog;
Wer, ungereizt von schnödem Lohn,
Selbst vor des grössten Königs Thron
Nie schmeichelte, noch log!

Doch wen der Zeug' in eigner Brust
Noch nie zu Thaten rief;
Wer, wenn der Unschuld ach erscholl,
Noch schlummern kann, von Trägheit voll
Der falle, falle tief!

Es lebe, wer des Siechen Schmerz
Des Kranken Jammer heilt;
Nicht kaufbar durch das Gold allein,
Noch oft bei düst'rer Sterne Schein
Zum Armuthslager eilt!

Doch sterbe, wer das blöde Volk
Mit Hirngespinnst umwebt!
Es sinke tief im tiefsten Pfuhl
Der Richter, der im Richterstuhl
Von grossen Sündern bebt.

Es lebe, wer für's Vaterland
Die blut' ge Fahne schwingt;
Und wenn es Sieg und Freiheit gilt,
Dreist auf der Unschuld Demantschild,
In Feindes Schaaren dringt!

Es lebe, wer noch schwerern Krieg
Mit Wahn und Irrthum führt;
Wer wenn man "Kreuz'ge, Kreuz'ge" schreit,
Wenn ihn Satrap und Bonze dräut,
Nie Kopf und Muth verliert.

Es lebe jeder Redliche,
Und jeder Mann voll Kraft!
Sei's König, oder Unterthan,
Sei's Bürger oder Bauersmann,
Wenn er nur Gutes schafft.



ERGO BIBAMUS.

We're met here together, a jovial rout,
Good brother mine, "*ergo bibamus.*"
Our converse is finished, our glasses ring out;
Remember, boys, "*ergo bibamus.*"
A true-hearted motto from times that are past,
That crowns the first goblet, nor flags with the last,
And back from the banquet an echo is cast,
A glorious "*ergo bibamus.*"

Now, fate from your circle, friends, calls me away,
My merry boys, "*ergo bibamus,*"—
With knapsack full light, from my friends I must stray;
Then doubly, friends, "*ergo bibamus.*"
The miser may sigh o'er each groat he must spend,
But yet there's enough for the true-hearted friend,
To each jovial soul still another will lend,
My brothers dear, "*ergo bibamus.*"

Good friends, of the present time what shall we say?
My vote is still "*ergo bibamus.*"
For this is, you know, a remarkable day;
Again and again, then,—"*bibamus!*"
Through joy's open portal how pleasant the ways;
The clouds are all radiant, dispelled is the haze,
And visions of happiness gladden our gaze.—
We sing, goblets raising, "*bibamus!*"

OLD BACCHUS.

(Herr Bacchus.)

BÜRGER.

OLD Bacchus is a gallant man;
I tell you so once more, friends.
He's greater than that harping-man,
With all his books of score, friends.

The gilded harp Apollo owns
Forms all his wealth extensive;
Therefore, you know, he boasts and drones,
And makes himself expensive.

Yet on his instrument, I doubt,
Who'd lend a single heller,
For better music ringeth out
From Father Evan's cellar.

Apollo, wheresoe'er he can,
His boastful theme rehearses;
But yet friend Bacchus is a man
Who understands his verses.

Apollo's tenor may have moved
Parnassus;—who can know, sirs?
But Bacchus' bass is more approved
'Mong mortals here below, sirs.

To fill for us Apollo's chair,
Arise, friends, let us crave him;
For our grandees, I'm well aware,
Are mighty glad to have him.

Apollo walks 'mid princes grand
In deep humiliation;
They take old Bacchus by the hand,
Like one of equal station.

We'll drag, then, ere aught else be done,
Upon Parnassus glowing,
Of Heidelberg the mighty tun
With Nierensteiner flowing.

Instead of laurel, all the ground
With grape-vines will we plant, aye,
And 'mid full barrels dance around,
Like any mad Bacchanté.

We've been, from custom, I opine,
Too sober and too wary,
And this is why the Muses nine
Have been of late so chary.

Oh, had their draughts been only lent
From Bacchus' nectar-tuns, sirs,
Their holding-back they'd soon have sent
To convents and to nuns, sirs.

No need were, then, of coaxing word
To charm them all to face us;
Uncall'd, and of their own accord,
They'd forward, and embrace us.

THE COURSE OF MY LIFE.

(Mein Lebenslauf.)

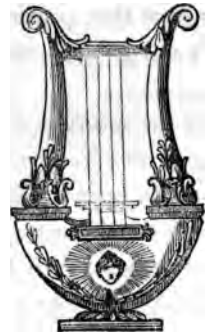
THE course of my life is love and jest,
And endless minstrelsie,
A cheerful song from a careless breast;
And my life shall joyful be.
To-day we go bent, to-morrow straight,
Through dales and o'er mountains high.—
But grumbling never will change our fate;
Hurrah, then! what care I?

The times are bad, and the youthful blood
Already dull care doth cloy;
But yet I maintain the times are good
Where hearts still wake to joy.
Come in, come in, thou honoured guest;—
Sit, Joy, at our table down,—
And season the feast thou provided hast,
And blithely our goblets crown.

Dark thoughts of the future avoid ye all,
Vain care as to who bears sway;
For fortune standeth upon a ball,
And rules in a wondrous way.
The crown of our empire shall Bacchus take,
And monarch alone be he;
The fair maid Joy our queen we'll make
By the Rhine shall their dwelling be.

In the mighty tun at Heidelberg
Our senate shall sit in state;
And in the castle Johannisberg
Shall our worshipful council wait.
Our worthy ministers shall be sent
O'er Burgundy to reign;
The council of war and the parliament
Deliberate on Champagne.

When thus our parts distribute we,
And carry our purpose through,
The sickly time shall succour'd be,
And the ancient world made new.
The grape juice cooleth this heat of mine,
Then fair the new kingdom 'fall!
Courage of wine is courage fine,
And wine doth level all!





VANITY OF VANITIES.

(Eitelkeit aller Eitelkeiten.)

GOETHE.

Now I my heart on naught have set;
Hurrah!
That's why so well thro' the world I get;
Hurrah!
And he that will my comrade be
Let him clink his glass, and then may he
Drink out the wine with me.
Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

I set my heart on goods and wealth;
Hurrah!
I lost my spirits, I lost my health;
Oh ah!
The coins I found would roll away;
And when in one hand I made them stay,
From the other gone were they.
Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

I set my heart on woman next;
Hurrah!
But soon I found myself sore perplexed;
Oh ah!
The maiden false—away ran she;
The true one tired me awfully!
The best—was not for me.
Chorus.—Oh ah! oh ah! oh ah!

On travel next I set my heart;
Hurrah!
And from my home must needs depart;
Oh ah!
But everywhere I've foully sped;
The fare was bad, and strange the bed,
And none knew what I said.
Chorus.—Oh ah! oh ah! oh ah!

I set my heart on praise and fame;
Hurrah!
But others achieved a greater name;
Oh ah!

And when at length I did advance,
My comrades looked at me askance,
And none with a kindly glance
Chorus.—Oh ah! oh ah! oh ah!

I set my heart on fighting then;
Hurrah!
And many a victory we did gain;
Hurrah!
To the enemy's country marched we in;
But I could little advantage win,
Being left with a broken shin.
Chorus.—Oh ah! oh ah! oh ah!

So now I've set my heart on naught;
Hurrah!
Aud the whole world's mine, as though 'twere bought;
Hurrah!
And now my song and our feast are done,
So drain your glasses every one,
Till every drop is gone.
Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



ORIGINAL.

ICH hab mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt,
Juchhe!
Drum ist's so wohl mir in der Welt,
Juchhe!
Und wer will mein Camerade seyn,
Der stosse mit an, der stimme mit ein
Bei dieser Neige Wein.
Chor.—Juchhe! juchhe! juchhe!

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Geld und Gut,
Juchhe!
Darüber verlor ich Freud' und Muth,
O weh!
Die Münze rollte hier und dort,
Und hascht' ich sie an einem Ort,
Am Andern war sie fort.

Auf Weiber stellt ich nun mein' Sach,—
Juchhe!
Daher kam mir viel Ungemach,—
O weh!
Die Falsche sucht' sich ein ander Theil,
Die Treue machte mir Langeweil:
Die Beste war nicht feil.

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Ruhm and Ehr;
Juchhe!
Und sieh! gleich hat ein Andrer mehr,
O weh!

Wie ich mich hat hervorgethan
Da sahen die Leute scheel mich an,
Hatte Keinem Recht gethan.

Ich setzt' mein Sach auf Kampf und Krieg,—
Juchhe!
Und uns gelang so mancher Sieg,—
Juchhe!
Wir zogen in Feindes Land hinein,
Dem Freunde soltt's nicht viel besser seyn,
Und ich verlor ein Bein.

Nun hab ich mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt,
Juchhe!
Und mein gehört die ganze Welt,—
Juchhe!
Zu Ende geht nun Sang und Schmaus,—
Nun trinkt mir alle Neigen aus;
Die letzte muss heraus!



GAUDEAMUS.

LET us then rejoice, ere youth
From our grasp hath hurried;
After cheerful youth is past,
After cheerless age, at last,
In the earth we're buried.

Where are those who lived of yore,
Men whose days are over?
To the realms above thee go,
Thence unto the shades below,
An' thou wilt discover.

Short and fleeting is our life,—
Swift away 'tis wearing;
Swiftly, too, will death be here,
Cruel, us away to tear,
Naught that liveth sparing.

Long live Academia,—
And our tutors clever;
All our comrades long live they,
And our female comrades gay
May they bloom for ever.

Long live ev'ry maiden true,
Who has worth and beauty;
And may ev'ry matron who
Kind and good is, flourish too,
Each who does her duty.

Long may also live our state,
And the king who guides us;
Long may live our town, and fate
Prosper each Mecænas great,
Who good things provides us.

Perish melancholy woe,
Perish who derides us;
Perish fiend, and perish so
Every antiburschian foe
Who for laughing chides us.

ORIGINAL.

GAUDEAMUS igitur
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.—

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeàs ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivat membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ;
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.





FIDUCIT.

THREE comrades dwelt together
In pleasant harmony,
The wine-cup circled so gaily
Through the little company.

Then loudly they laughed and shouted
In joyous mirth and free;
The cares of the world flitted by them,
And all its misery.

But one of the comrades perished;
The second soon passed away;
And the third sat alone in the chamber,
So dreary, and erst so gay.

But still, when of mirth and gladness
The hour came round again,
He filled as of yore the goblets,
And sang with might and main.

As thus he sat once at table,
And sang to the harp's sweet tone,
To the bright red wine in his goblet
A tear-drop fell sparkling down.

"I drink you a health, dear brethren;
Why sit ye thus silent and sad!
For what has the world worth having,
If none will drink and be glad?"

The goblets clinked together,
And empty stood suddenly;
"*Fiducit*, jovial brother!"
And never again drank he.

ORIGINAL.

ES hatten drei Gesellen
Ein fein Collegium,
Es krieste so fröhlich der Becher
In dem kleinen Kreise herum.

Sie lachten dazu und sangen,
Und waren froh und frei,
Des Weltlaufs Elend und Sorgen
Sie gingen an ihnen vorbei.

Da starb von den Dreien der Eine,
Der Andere folgte ihm nach,
Und es blieb der Dritte alleine
In dem öden Jubelgemach.

Und wenn die Stunde gekommen
Des Zechens und der Lust,
Dann thät er die Becher füllen
Und sang aus voller Brust.

So sass er einst auch beim Mahle
Und sang zum Saitenspiel,
Und zu dem Wein im Pokale
Eine helle Thräne fiel.

"Ich trink euch ein Smollis, ihr Brüder
Wie sitzt ihr so stumm und still?
Was soll aus der Welt denn werden
Wenn keiner mehr singen will?"

Da klangen der Gläser dreie,
Und wurden mählig leer.
"*Fiducit*, fröhlicher Bruder!"
Der trank keinen Tropfen mehr.

SONG, LOVE, AND WINE.

(Lied, Liebe, und Wein.)

TH. KÖRNER.

I SING of three stars that so brightly
Through all our life's darkness will shine;
The stars they all glisten so gaily,
Their names are called—SONG, LOVE and WINE.

In the voice of the SONG ever dwelling
A true, kindly heart find we there;
In song is renewing of pleasure,
In song sorrow melteth in air.

And WINE to our song shall be mated;
A mighty and marvellous thing,
That throws o'er the world with its brightness
The glowing effulgence of spring.

If then the third star glances o'er us,
With joyously beckoning sign,
Then wraps the song's gladness our bosom,
Then gloweth our heart as with wine.

Look down, ye three glorious stars, then,
In each of our bosoms look down;
May song, and may wine, and affection,
In life and in death, be our own.

And minstrelsy, wine, and affection
To cheer our gay evening shall throng;
Then health to the man who invented
First kissing—and drinking—and song.

ORIGINAL.

ES blinken drei freundliche Sterne,
In's Dunkel des Lebens hinein;
Die Sterne sie funkeln so traulich,
Sie heissen—"Lied, Liebe, und Wein."

Es lebt in der Stimme des Liedes
Ein treues, mitfühlendes Herz;
Im Liede verjüngt sich die Freude,
Im Liede verwehet der Schmerz.

Der Wein ist der Stimme des Liedes
Zum freudigen Wunder gesellt,
Und malt sich mit glühenden Strahlen
Zum ewigen Frühling der Welt.

Doch schimmert mit freudigem Winken
Der Dritte der Stern' erst herein,
Dann klingt's in der Seele wie Lieder!
Dann glüht es im Herzen wie Wein!

Drum blinket, ihr freundlichen Sterne,
In unsere Herzen hinein,
Und leuchtet durch Leben und Sterben
Uns Lieder und Liebe und Wein.

Denn Becher und Lieder und Liebe
Die schmücken die festliche Nacht!
Drum lebe, wer Küssen und Lieben
Und Trinken und Singen erdacht.

TO THE WINEHOUSE.

(In's Weinhaus.)

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

To the winehouse drives me this and that;
I know not who, and I know not what—
It drives me still to the winehouse.
For hours I love to linger there,
And I know no grief, and know no care,
Because—I sit in the winehouse.

Some jovial fellow comes to rest;
Together we converse and jest—
Now welcome, friend, to the winehouse.
May thus blithe heart with blither join.
Fill, clink your glass, drink out your wine,—
'Tis merry, here in the winehouse.

My helpmate still will cry, I know,
"Now, dearest husband, do not go,
I prith'ee, into the winehouse!"
But there drives me still now this, now that;
I know not who, and I know not what,—
In short—I go to the winehouse.

THE SONG OF WINE.

(Das Lied vom Wein.)

F. Rochlitz.

THE song of wine
Is short and fine,
And tunes us for drinking, I opine:
And who the song of wine can't say
Had best to learn it of us to-day.
Chorus.—The song of wine
Is short and fine,
And tunes us for drinking, I opine.

Few words we bring
Where glasses ring;
But wine inspireth us to sing.
Let him who can sing, its praise declare,
And he who can't, let him hum the air.
Chorus.—Few words we bring, &c.

Wine clears the blood,
Gives hardihood,
And makes our hearts all fair and good.
Good wine all sorrow kills with speed,
And nerves our breast for noble deed.
Chorus.—Wine clears the blood, &c.

The toper brave
No lock need have;
To be rich and great, no wealth he'll crave;
Olympian gods, we'll quaff our wine,
And here shall be our hill divine.
Chorus.—The toper brave, &c.

All brethren be
All equal, free,
In Bacchus' brave community.
O noble wine, thy magic reign
Brings back the golden age again!
Chorus.—All brethren be, &c.

DRINKING SONG.

(Trinklied.)

G. W. C. Starke.

The kings of all the earth we are
By title of our pleasure.
What boots us on our coat a star?
What use is crown or treasure?
Wine in our goblets mantling see,
And everything our own shall be.

The kings of all the earth we are,
And as for laws, we'll make them;
More worthy they than money, far,—
No honest man dare break them.
Wine in our goblets mantling see,
And everything our own shall be.

Kind-hearted, and a foe to none,
Ne'er in a cheat detected,—
A friend to every honest one,
By all alike respected,—
Shall every man, in his degree,
Both rich and poor, in future be.

A clever, penetrating brain;
A heart of honest mettle;
Fine stalwart limbs all free from pain;
A good meal in the kettle;
And stout old wine—and courage free—
Shall not so rare in future be.

To each and all our maidens mild
A husband shall be meted,
And every man by wife and child
Shall find his bliss completed;
And while our mantling wine quaff we,
It seems but right that this should be.

Who to their brothers' benefit
Devote their time and powers,
Shall, like ourselves, carousing sit
For many happy hours.
It is our will that this should be;
Goblet in hand, we thus decree.

The poorer, too, shall opened see
The kindly rich man's portal;
We men are all one family;
Here 's health to every mortal!
And friends a bumper empty we—
May all our fellows happy be!

ORIGINAL.

WIR sind die Könige der Welt,
Wir sind's durch uns're Freude;
Was hilft die Kron' und vieles Geld?
Was hilft der Stern am Kleide?
In unsern Gläsern perlet Wein,
Und alles soll jetzt unser sein!

Wir sind die Könige der Welt,
Wir geben ihr Gesetze;
Die gelten künftig mehr als Geld;
Kein Biedrer sie verletze!
In unsern Gläsern perlet Wein;
Drum, höre, Welt! so soll es sein!

Vor Herzen gut, und Keinem Feind,
Und fern von Trug und Neide,
Und aller guten Menschen Freund,
Und aller Menschen Freude,
Soll künftig jeder, gross und klein,
Und reich und arm, auf Erden sein!

Ein warmes, immer reges Herz,
Bei hellem Licht im Kopfe;
Gesunde Glieder ohne Schmerz,
Gesunde Speis' im Topfe,
Und guter Muth und guter Wein
Soll künftig nirgends selten sein!

Die Mädchen sollen so geschwind
Als möglich Gatten haben,
Und süsses Glück durch Weib und Kind
Soll alle Männer laben!
So däucht's uns gut beim Glase Wein;
So wollen wir's! So soll es sein!

Die Männer, welche Zeit und Kraft
Dem Wohl der Brüder weihen,
Die sollen sich, beim Rebensaft
Recht oft, wie wir jetzt, freuen!
So wollen wir's, so soll es sein;
So fügen wir's beim Glase Wein!

Der Reiche soll mit milder Hand
Dem schwachen Armen geben!
Wir Menschen sind uns nah verwandt:
Ein jeder Mensch soll leben!
Ergreift das Glas, und trinkt den Wein;
Ein jeder Mensch soll glücklich sein!



GERMAN DRINK AND GERMAN TRUTH.

(Deutscher Trank und Deutsche Treue.)

BROTHERS, here's not wine, but beer;
Fill your glasses, brothers dear.
Here's a health to who can fight
Like a man for freedom's right!

Freedom is the nobler part,
Nerves the arm, and steels the heart;
Health to all, whoe'er they be,
Who have 'scaped from slavery.

Happy whosoe'er can wend
On his road, and find a friend;
Happy none the less the wight
Who doth love a maiden bright.

Should my grave lie in thy way,
Pause an instant there, I pray;
Write thou then the stone upon,
"*As a friend this man I've known.*"

Rise, my brethren, drink and sing!
Clink your glasses, make them ring!
Health to every German stout
Who can drain his goblet out!

THE KING OF THULÉ.

(Der König von Thule.)

GOETHE.

THERE was a King in Thulé
Full faithful to the grave,
To whom his dying true love
A golden beaker gave.

He counted nought so highly;
At every feast was fain,
While still his eyes would moisten,
The golden cup to drain.

And when his life was waning,
His townships o'er he told;
Gave all to his successor,
Gave not the cup of gold.

Aloft at the regal banquet,
Among his knights sat he,
All in the hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the hoary toper,
And drank his life's last glow,
And cast the sacred goblet
To the sounding surge below.

He watched it filling, drinking,
And sinking beneath the sea,
And then his eyes were darkened,
And never again drank he.

THE GERMAN THE DEAREST.

(Das Deutsche das Liebste.)

SCHREIBER.

Of all the lands on earth that be,
The German land's the land for me;
Bedewed with Heaven's blessing:
And though nor gold nor jewels rare,
Good store of men and maidens fair,
And corn and wine, possessing.

Of all the tongues on earth that be,
The German tongue's the tongue for me;
Sweet sounds it may not borrow:
But when our hearts would hold discourse,
We ne'er shall find it lacketh force
To tell of joy or sorrow.

Of all the maids on earth that be,
The German maid's the maid for me;
A beauteous violet seeming:
With sweetest fragrance to the sense,
With not a thorn to give offence,
Through many a summer beaming.

Of all the wives on earth that be,
The German wife's the wife for me;
In form and mind a treasure.
At home her ministry is seen;
She will not roam abroad, I ween,
To find elsewhere her pleasure.

Of customs that on earth there be,
The German customs give to me—
Good customs—I revere them.
Through them men, hale in heart and limb,
Alternate sense with wit and whim,
And keep the wine-cup near them.

Then fill it up with German wine,
That cometh from our German Rhine,
To ev'ry heart's elation;
Long live our German Fatherland!
Long live of love and truth the band
In our confederation!

PUNCH SONG.

SCHILLER.

ELEMENTS four,
When closely encurl'd,
Build up our being,
Fashion the world.

Press ye the lemon's
Juice-yielding star;
Hard is our being's
Innermost core.

Now with the sugar,
Pleasant and sweet,
Tame ye the power
Fervent with heat.

Pour ye the water's
Freshening fall;
Water encircles
Peaceful our ball.

Drops of the spirit
Pour ye thereon;
Life to the living
Gives it alone.

Quaff ere its fragrance,
Fleeting, is o'er;
Sources that glow not
Gladden no more.

ORIGINAL.

VIER Elemente,
Innig gesellt,
Bilden das Leben,
Bauen die Welt.

Presst der zitrone
Saftigen Stern;
Herb ist des Lebens
Innerster Kern.

Jetzt mit des Zuckers,
Linderndem Saft,
Zähmet die herbe
Brennende Kraft.

Giesset des Wassers
Sprudelndem Schwall,
Wasser umfänget
Ruhig das All.

Tropfen des Geistes
Giesset hinein,
Leben dem Leben
Giebt er allein.

Eh es verduftet
Schöpfet es schnell,
Nur wenn er glüchet
Labet der Quell.

COMFORT AT PARTING.

(Trost beim Scheiden.)

A. v. KOTZEBUE.

It cannot remain so for ever
Here under the moon that doth change;
There blooms for a time, and then fadeth
What with us creation doth range.

Full many a merry companion
Before us these regions hath trod;
In love, then, let's empty a goblet
To those who now sleep 'neath the sod.

On earth there'll be many, rejoicing,
Long after we've vanished away,
Who, when 'neath the sod we are sleeping,
To us the like friendship shall pay.

We're bound by such hearty affection,
We're seated together so gay,
Each lightens the life of the others;
Ah! could it but be so for aye.

But, since it can't always remain so,
Hold firm to your joy, friends, at least
Who knoweth how soon we are scatter'd
By fortune to west and to east.

But, though we are far from each other,
Our hearts shall not with us be gone,

And all of us, all, shall be gladden'd,
When fortune hath smiled upon one.

And should we again meet together,
This e'er changing life passing through,
We'll join to this merry conclusion
A jovial beginning anew.

ORIGINAL.

ES kann ja nicht immer so bleiben,
Hier unter dem wechselnden Mond,—
Es blüht eine Zeit und verwelket,
Was mit uns die Erde bewohnt.

Es haben viel fröhliche Menschen
Lang vor uns gelebt und gelacht—
Den Ruhenden unter dem Grase
Sei freundlich ein Becher gebracht!

Es werden viel fröhliche Menschen
Lang nach uns des Lebens sich freun,
Uns Ruhenden unter dem Grase
Den Becher der Fröhlichkeit weihn!

Wir sitzen so traulich beisammen,
Und haben uns Alle so lieb,
Weit heitern einander das Leben;
Ach, wenn es nur immer so blieb!

Doch, weil es nicht immer kann bleiben,
So haltet die Freude recht fest;
Wer weiss denn, wie bald uns zerstreuet
Das Schicksal nach Ost und nach West!

Doch sind wir auch fern von einander,
So bleiben die Herzen sich nah,
Und Alle, ja Alle wird's freuen
Wenn Einem was Gutes geschah.

Und kommen wir wieder zusammen
Auf wechselnder Lebensbahn,
So knüpfen an's fröhliche Ende
Den fröhlichen Anfang wir an.

August von Kotzebue was born at Weimar in the year 1761. During a long series of years he devoted himself to dramatic writing, and, as a playwright, was as indefatigable as he was popular. Throughout his voluminous works, however, it is impossible to find a single indication of genius, or even of a high order of talent. Kotzebue's dramatic writings are entirely devoid of the elements of stability, being written evidently with no higher aim than to please the pit and obtain the noisy suffrage of the gallery. A certain skill in the construction of a plot, an enlarged knowledge of stage effect, and an ability to interlard a piece at frequent intervals with the sentiments and tags which the gallery do most affect, formed the foundation on which Kotzebue built his hope of success; and the success he achieved was, in consequence, brilliant and noisy, but ephemeral. The morality of his pieces is not even doubtful; his characters are drawn as coarsely and broadly as the "Sir Matthew Mites" of Foote. His play of "Pizarro," and "Menschenhass und Reue" (Misanthropy and Penitence) have been translated into English; the latter under the name of "The Stranger." Kotzebue's sequel to the latter play, entitled "Die! edle Lüge" (The Noble Falsehood), was a production from which audiences who would listen to the plays of Wycherley and Congreve would turn in disgust. Kotzebue is associated with a dark period of German literary history. The circumstances of his assassination by the candidate Sand, in 1819, are well known. Some pleasing songs occur in several of his pieces.

THE "FOX-RIDE."

("Der Fuchsritt").

WHAT comes there from the hill,
What comes there from the hill,
What comes there from the leathern hill?
Ça, ça, leathern hill,
What comes there from the hill?

It is a postboy, sure! &c.
It is a leathern postboy, sure! &c.

The postboy, what brings he? &c.
The leathern boy, what bringeth he? &c.

He bringeth us a fox! &c.
He bringeth us a leathern fox! &c.

Your servant, gentlemen,
Your servant, gentlemen,
Your servant, my very worthy gentlemen!
Ça, ça, worthy gentlemen—
Your servant, gentlemen!

How does our dear papa? &c.
How does our leathern dear papa? &c.

He's reading Cicero! &c.
He's reading leathern Cicero! &c.

How does our dear mamma? &c.
How does our leathern dear mamma? &c.

She boils my father's tea! &c.
She boils my father's leathern tea! &c.

How does our Ma'm'selle Sœur? &c.
How does our leathern Ma'm'selle Sœur? &c.

She sits at home and sews! &c.
She sits at home and leathern sews! &c.

How does our rector do? &c.
How does our leathern rector do? &c.

He's whipping all his boys! &c.
He's whipping all his leathern boys! &c.

And smokes our fox tobac'! &c.
And smokes our leathern fox tobac'! &c.

A little, gentlemen! &c.
A little, my very worthy gentlemen! &c.

Then let him light one up! &c.
Then let him light one leathern up! &c.

Oh, dear! I feel so ill! &c.
Oh, dear! I feel so leathern ill! &c.

Then let him have it out! &c.
Then let him have it leathern out! &c.

Ah! now I'm well again! &c.
Ah! now I'm leathern well again! &c.

Thus grows the fox a Bursch,
Thus grows the fox a Bursch,
Thus grows the leathern fox a Bursch!
Ça, ça, fox à Bursch,
Thus grows the fox a Bursch!

Remarkable, indeed almost inexplicable, is the popularity of "Was kommt dort von der Höh" among the German students, who cherish a great affection for this curiously vapid effusion. It is, however, only justice to the anonymous German author to state that the word "ledern" in the original, which occurs in each verse, and has been literally rendered "leathern," has in German also a figurative meaning—signifying, in fact, dull, stupid, *slow*. Thus, in "der lederne Fuchs, der lederne Herr Papa" the adjective is to be taken in its figurative meaning, and herein lies the humour (!) of the song.

PROPHECY.

(Wahrsagung.)

THY palm, good brother, show to me,
And fill with wine my glass,
And I will prophecy to thee
What sure shall come to pass.

List to this word; a weighty store
Of truth it's based upon,—
When four-and-twenty hours are o'er
Another day is gone.

When murky night succeeds to day
All cats are gray of hue;
The man who's kissed his wife, I say,
Has kissed his consort too.

Who bring their offspring to the font
Have long each other known;
Who bears his father's name is wont
To be his father's son.

Who asked of thee a charity
Was poor, and not well-fed;
Who owns an ox, 'tis sure that he
Must have an ox's head.

When any nut a kernel lacks,
'Tis hollow, I can tell;
When ague any man attacks,
I say—that man's unwell.

When once the running spigot flags,
The cask is spent, no doubt;
When thieves have found our money bags,
We're apt to find it out.

No empty dish provision gives,
Whereon a man may dine;
No country dweller ever lives
In cities, I opine.

Who from a needle runs away,
Will from a sabre flee;
Who looks much like an ape, I say,
Will never handsome be.

When any man has hay to spare,
His cow is snugly bedded;
And he whose sister's passing fair,
May chance to see her wedded.

Look on yon mirror steadfastly,
One fool shall meet thy view;
The second fool thou canst not see,—
He stands before it too.

The house thou hast of timber made
Has not been built of stone;
When all my song is sung or said,
It probably is done.

ORIGINAL.

GIEB, blanker Bruder, gieb mir Wein,
Und lass die Hand mich sehn,
So wollen wir dir prophezeih'n,
Was sicher wird gescheh'n.

Merk' auf—es ist ein hohes Wort
Und liegt viel Wahrheit drin,—
Sind vier und zwanzig Stunden fort,
So ist ein Tag dahin.

Sobald es Nacht geworden ist,
Sind alle Katzen grau,
Und wenn der Mann sein' Gattin küsst,
So küsst er seine Frau.

Ein jedes Paar das taufen liess,
Kennt sich seit lange schon;
Und wen man nach dem Vater hiess
Das war des Vater's Sohn.

Der dich um eine Wohlthat bat,
Der war ein armer Tropf;
Und wer den ganzen Ochsen hat,
Hat auch den Ochsenkopf.

Wenn in der Nuss das Kernchen fehlt,
Ist sie vermuthlich hohl;
Der, den das kalte Fieber quält,
Befindet sich nicht wohl.

Wo aus dem Hähnchen nichts mehr braust
Ist oft ein leeres Fass,
Und wo ein Dieb uns weggemaust,
Vermisst man meistens was.

Von Schüsseln, wo die Speise fehlt
Wird leichtlich Keiner satt;
Und wer das Land zum Wohnsitz wählt
Der wohnt nicht in der Stadt.

Wer von der Nadelspitze flieht,
Bleibt nicht vor Degen stehn;
Und wer den Affen ähnlich sieht
Wird nie besonders schön.

Wer Heu genug im Stalle hat,
Dem wird die Kuh nicht mager;
Und wer eine schöne Schwester hat,
Der kriegt bald einen Schwager.

Wenn du zum Spiegel dich bemühst
Zeigt sich der erste Thor;
Der Zweite, der nicht sichtbar ist,
Steht meistentheils davor.

Baust du von Brettern dir ein Haus,
So hast du keins von Stein,
Und ist des Sänger's Liedchen aus,
Wird's wohl zu Ende seyn.

WHAT IS THE BEST THING?

(Was ist das Beste?)

KOPISCH.

WHEN we at wine sit, what is there the best thing?
Glass-clinking, out-drinking—that's the very best thing!
Come, my worthy camarade,
Thine am I, with heart and deed;
Who to-day the glass doth hold,
May ere morn lie dead and cold.
Then, when we at wine sit, is the very best thing
Glass-clinking, out-drinking!—that's the very best thing!

When we the foe meet, what is there the best thing?
Home-striking, home-striking—that's the very best thing!
When we hack and hew amain,
Sure are we respect to gain:
Ev'ry man our shot lays low
Makes when he falls a deep low bow.
Then, when we the foe meet, is the very best thing
Home-striking, home-striking!—that's the very best thing!

When maidens fly us, what is there the best thing?
Fast-holding, fast-holding—that's the very best thing!
He best pleaseth maiden gay
Who the "whole world's lord" doth play,
Who, ne'er stopping leave to crave,
Steals the kiss he fain would have.
Then, when maidens fly us, is the very best thing
Fast-holding, fast-holding!—that's the very best thing!

WANDERER'S SONG.

(Wanderlied.)

J. Kerner.

Arise! and the bright sparkling wine still quaff we!
Farewell, then, ye dear ones, for parting must be;
Farewell now, ye mountains and dwellings of home,
It mightily moves me 'mid strangers to roam.

Not even in heaven the bright sun may stay;
He's driven o'er mountain and ocean away:
Nor resteth the billow alone by the strand;
The storm-winds are rushing with might through the land.

With clouds that fly onward the wild bird must wing,
The carols of home 'mid the strangers to sing:
The youth, too, it drives to go forth from his hearth,
And roam, like his parent, the wandering earth.

Away o'er the ocean bright birds greet him fair,
That far from the fields of his country flew there;
And flowers familiar are blooming around,
That winds from his country have strown on the ground.

The house of his fathers—those birds know it well;
Such flowers he once plucked for his love in the dell:
Thus love travels with him, and wends at his hand,
To 'mind him of home in the far-distant land.

ORIGINAL.

WOHLAUF! noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein,
Ade nun, ihr Lieben, geschieden muss sein!
Ade nun, ihr Berge, du väterlich Haus,
Es treibt in die Ferne mich mächtig hinaus!

Die Sonne sie bleibet am Himmel nicht stehn,
Es treibt sie durch Länder und Meere zu gehn;
Die Woge nicht haftet am einsamen Strand,
Die Stürme sie brausen mit Macht durch das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken der Vogel dort zieht,
Und singt in der Ferne ein heimathlich Lied.
So treibt es den Burschen durch Wälder und Feld,
Zu gleichen der Mutter, der wandernden Welt.

Da grüssen ihn Vögel bekannt über 'm Meer
Sie flogen von Fluren der Heimath hieher,
Da duften die Blumen vertraulich um ihn,
Sie trieben vom Lande die Lüfte dahin.

Die Vögel sie kennen sein väterlich Haus,
Die Blumen einst pflückt' er der Liebe zum Strauss,
Und Liebe sie folgt ihm, sie geht ihm zur Hand,
So wird ihm zur Heimath das ferneste Land.



AND SONGS IN PRAISE OF NATURE.

Hunting Songs, and Songs in Praise of Nature.

THE hunting songs of the Germans are not so varied in character as those of our own country; nor do they possess any peculiar excellence. A very few specimens will serve as types of the entire class. Songs in praise of nature, and of the seasons, are exceedingly numerous and popular. On the one subject of the return of spring a great variety of songs have been written. The description of outdoor life and outdoor occupations, apart from wood-craft, has been frequently chosen as a subject by the song writers, and eagerly appreciated by the people.



HUNTER'S SONG.

(Jäger-lied.)

In the wild, wild wood I shoot the stag,
The doe in the darksome brake,
The eagle on his mountain crag,
The wild duck on the lake.—
Where marks my gun, no refuge can
A place of safety prove;
Yet, though I be a sturdy man
I've felt the power of love.

Full oft in winter's tempest time
The earth I've made my bed,
A stone block frosted o'er with rime
The pillow for my head;
On thorns, as on a couch, I rest,
Though north wind howls around;
But yet my weather-harden'd breast
The weight of love hath found.

The falcon is my comrade gay,
The wolf my warlike foe;
With bay of hound begins my day,
My night with wild hallo;
A fir-twig, 'stead of garden flow'r,
Upon my hat I've bound;
Yet my wild huntsman's blood the power
Of hidden love hath found.

THE HUNTSMAN'S JOY.

(Jäger Lust.)

W. Müller.

Long live on earth whatever
The mantle green doth grace;
The woodland and the meadow,
The huntsman and the chase!
'Tis merry in the greenwood,
Where stag and hind do spring;
When loudly sounds the bugle,
When rifles flash and ring.
Trara! trara!

What though with swarthy powder
I've scorched my eyelid o'er?
I care not, for my maiden
Will love me as before.
My pointer and my maiden
Are ever true to me;
What need have I to care, then,
For world or vanity?
Trara! trara!

In woods am I the monarch,—
The wood is God's abode!
I hear his mighty breathing
For ever borne abroad.
And I will be a huntsman
So long the breeze doth blow;
And I will kiss my maiden
So long her lips do glow.
Trara! trara!

Come to the free wild forest,
My child, and dwell with me;
Of boughs that never wither
I'll build a hut for thee!
Not in the cold, gray village,
A resting-place I'll crave;
The wildwood is my dwelling,
And there shall be my grave!
Trara! trara!

ORIGINAL.

ES lebe was auf Erden
Stolziert in grüner Tracht,
Die Wälder und die Felder,
Der Jäger und die Jagd!
Wie lustig ist's im Grünen,
Wenn's helle Jagdhorn schallt,
Wenn Hirsch und Rehe springen,
Wenn's blitzt, und dampft, und knallt!
Trara! trara!

Ich hab' mir schwarz gesenget,
Das rechte Augenlied;
Was thut's, da mich mein Dirnel
So schwarz auch gerne sieht?
Mein Stutz und meine Dirne
Die sind mir immer treu;
Was thu' ich weiter fragen
Nach Welt und Klerisei?
Trara!

Im Walde bin ich König;
Der Wald ist Gottes Haus!
Da weht sein starker Odem,
Lebendig ein und aus.
Ein Jäger will ich bleiben
So lang die Tannen grün;
Mein Madchen will ich küssen
So lang die Lippen glühn.
Trara!

Komm Kind, mit mir zu wohnen
Im freien Waldrevier;
Von immergrünen Zweigen
Bau ich ein Hüttchen dir.
Dann steig' ich nimmer wieder
In's graue Dorf hinab,
Im Walde will ich leben,
Im Wald gräbt mir mein Grab.
Trara!

THE HUNTSMAN'S JOY.

(Jagen Fürstenlust.)

WHAT in all this world is there?
Nothing for the which I care,
Save the huntsman's noble life,
Which is still with pleasure rife.
Who the woodland craft hath learned,
He a monarch's joy hath earned.

Through the greenwood, when I wend,
And my clever hound doth stand,
Game in plenty brings he me,
That I kill it speedily.
Who the woodland craft hath learned,
He a monarch's joy hath earned.

Through the greenwood blithe I go,
Where lie lurking stag and roe;
Hear the merry thrushes sing,
See the nimble wild-deer spring.
Who the woodland craft hath learned,
He a monarch's joy hath earned.

Hath the chase me weary made,
Lie I in the cooling shade,
Stretched beneath the greenwood tree,
Sweetest visions come to me.
Only of my maiden fair
Are the dreams that haunt me there.

Now farewell!—the chase is o'er;
Homeward march we now once more;
Blithely eat the meat we win,
For the chase hath happy been.
Who the woodland craft hath learned,
He a monarch's joy hath earned.

THE WHITE HART.

(Der Weisse Hirsch.)

UHLAND.

THREE huntsmen forth to the greenwood went;
To hunt the white hart was their intent.

They laid them under a green fir-tree,
And a singular vision befel those three.

The First Huntsman.

I dreamt I arose and beat on the bush,
When forth came rushing the stag,—hush, hush!

The Second.

As with baying of hound he came rushing along,
I fired my gun at his hide,—bing, bang!

The Third.

And when the stag on the ground I saw,
I merrily wound my horn,—trara!

Conversing thus did the huntsmen lie,
When lo! the white hart came bounding by;—

And before the huntsmen had noted him well,
He was up and away over mountain and dell.—
Hush, hush!—bing bang!—trara!

ORIGINAL.

ES gingen drei Jäger wohl auf die Birsch,
Sie wollten erjagen den weissen Hirsch.

Sie legten sich unter 'nen Tannenbaum,
Da hatten die drei einen seltsamen Traum.

Der Erste.

Mir hat geträumt, ich klopf' auf den Busch
Da rauschte der Hirsch heraus,—husch, husch!

Der Zweite.

Und als er kam mit der Hunde Geklaff,
Da brannt' ich ihm auf das Fell,—piff, paff!

Der Dritte.

Und als ich den Hirsch an der Erde sah
Da stiess ich lustig in's Horn,—trara!

So lagen sie da, and sprachen, die drei,
Da rannte der weisse Hirsch vorbei,—

Und eh' die drei Jäger ihn recht geseh'n,
So war er davon über Tiefen und Höh'n,—
Husch, husch!—piff, paff!—trara!

MORNING SONG IN SPRING.

(Morgenlied im Frühling.)

W. G. Becker.

How beauteous, how lovely, is ev'rything here!
The sun on the hill-side, the shade on the weir;
Where through the bright crystal the fishes are seen,
Where wave o'er the water the alder-trees green.

How glow the bright meadows with young verdure new!
How fresh bloom the flow'rets bespangled with dew!
The berry already is blushing in red;
The wheat-ear is smiling with promise of bread.

The slender birch waves in the whispering grove;
The blackberry twineth the rockstone above;
The honey-bee hums as he swiftly speeds on;
The frog's voice is drowned in the lark's sweeter tone.

How beauteous, how lovely do all things appear!
The waterfall's murmur, the shade on the weir.
On all sides around us pure joys are unfurled,
To light with their radiance our path through the world.

DRINKING SONG IN MAY.

(Trinklied im May.)

HÖLTY.

Now broach ye the wine-cask,
Now wreathe ye the tun,
And let us be merry,
For May has begun;
The winds are all silenced,
Scarce whispers the breeze,
The honey-bees murmur
Round blossoming trees.

The nightingale carols
The green coppice through,
Our goblets are tinted
With eve's rosy hue;
Then broach ye the wine-cask,
Then wreathe ye the tun,
Then let us be merry,
For May has begun.

To supper, to supper,
Bring bottles I say,
For two flowing goblets
Are emblems of May;
Who drops on the blossoms
His white and his red,
While birds hatch their young ones
In May's grateful shade.

May gives to the forest
Its love-breathing song,
Makes wine-cups to vibrate
Harmonious and long;
In youths and fair maidens
To love he gives birth,
And rarest occasion
For gladness and mirth.

Then youths and fair maidens
Your thanks to him say,
Let glasses ring loudly,
In honour of May;
And long bloom the bower
That kisses conceals,
And high grow the grape-vine
That nectar draught yields.

And fresh be the meadows
Where lovers repair,
Nor aunts nor duennas
Shall follow them there.

Oh tarry, ye breezes,
So jocund and gay!
Oh! fade not, ye blossoms,
So quickly away!

TO SPRING.

(An den Frühling.)

SCHILLER.

THOU, beauteous youth, art welcome!
Thou joy of nature, hail!
With all thy store of flow'rets
Art welcome in the vale.

Lo! thou again art coming,
As beauteous as before,
And heartily rejoice we
To see thy face once more.

Hast not forgot my maiden?
Thou hast not, friend, I trow;
Erst loved she me, the maiden,—
The maiden loves me now.

Entreating for the maiden,
Fair flowers I sought from thee;
I come once more a begging,
And thou wilt give them me.

Thou, beauteous youth, art welcome!
Thou joy of nature, hail!
With all thy store of flow'rets
Art welcome to the vale.

SPRING.

(Der Frühling.)

M. HARTMANN.

A SPIRIT glides—I have heard it oft—
'Mid the glory of coming spring,
When from the nightly stars aloft
Swept downward its seraph wing.

It speaks to the seed that floats in the air,
"To the churchyard take thy flight,
To the maiden's grave, and grow thou there
A lily of spotless white."

It speaks to the sapling, so thin and frail,
"Grow till thou art large and broad;
As a cross one day shalt thou tell thy tale
On the darksome forest road."

It speaks to the ivy that's hid in the ground,
"Stretch them forth, thy green arms all,
And twine the crumbling ruin around,
For see how totters this wall!"

Remembrance and death and love combined
From the stars of night are blown;
Death and remembrance, with love entwined,
Through the glory of spring move on.



ENTERTAINMENT.

(Einkehr.)

L. Uhland.

Oh, of a gentle host and kind
I've been a guest ere now:
His sign was a golden apple, I mind,
That swang from a leafy bough.

The worthy host with whom to sup
I went, was the apple-tree;
Right pleasant food, and a foaming cup
Of nectar he gave to me.

Full many a guest, on pinions free,
I saw to his bower throng;
They sprang and they feasted joyously,
And carolled their merry song.

When heated and weary, sweet repose
On soft green turf I found;
My host he wrapped me, instead of clothes,
With freshest foliage round.

And when I asked what I should pay,
He shook his summit high:—
Now, blest be my gentle host alway,
Root, branch, and crown, say I.

THE DAISY.

(Das Gänseblümlein.)

G. W. Fink.

Now, say, what has the daisy done,
That none a song has yet begun,
Wherein is modestly set forth
The humble, simple flow'ret's worth?
I'll of the daisy sing to-day,
And in its praise shall be my lay.

The worth of things, we often find,
Is falsely judged by human mind.
Here, " Wonder, wonder ! " still we cry;
There, prejudices blind our eye;
And, seeing nought, we onward pass.
Now this is just the daisy's case.

In proper time the daisies may
Rejoice our hearts like roses gay;
Who values not the daisy, ne'er
Shall sit among our circle here;
For we will sing a daisy-song—
Who likes it not may hold his tongue.

Full well you all, my masters, know
How February's clad in snow;
Let once the thaw-wind sweep the plain,
And lo, the daisy blooms again !
'Mid winter's raging strife to be
A token of spring's victory.

And when that herald I espy,
I feel my bosom bounding high.
It seems as though, in joyful guise,
To life renewed, all dead things rise;
And Death says to me, with a smile,
" My subjects sleep but for awhile."

In autumn, too, I often see,
When leaves drop off the sapless tree,

The daisy blooms in beauty on,
As though its morn not yet were gone.
Heaven grant that once my autumn hour
May be like that of daisy flower.

I pity much the woeful wight
Who holds the daisy's value light.
Who little beauties can despise,
On greater things will close his eyes;
And thus, to teach us all thy worth,
Thou little modest flower, stand forth.

ORIGINAL.

WAS hat das Gänseblüm' gethan,
Dass Niemand hebt ein Liedlein an,
Worin er wollt' in Einfaltsweisen
Einmal ein niedrig Blümlein preisen?
Wohlan! frisch auf! Ich sing den Ruhm
Der ungerühmten Gänseblum'.

Ist doch in der Verstandeswelt
All' Sach nicht bestens g'rad bestellt;
Bei Einem schreit man "Wunder, Wunder!"
Und's Andre hält man gleich für Plunder—
Hats' nicht geschaut, weiss nicht warum
So geht's auch mit der Gänseblum'.

Die Gäns'blum' wohl zu ihrer Zeit
Das Herz wie eine Ros' erfreut—
Und wer die Gäns'blum' nicht mag schätzen
Der soll sich unter uns nicht setzen!

Wir singen uns ein Gäns'blum'lied,
Und wers nicht mag, der sing's nicht mit.

Ihr wisst es allzusammen klar,
Viel Schnee liegt auf dem Februar,
Doch thut er Mal recht herzhaft thauen,
So kann man bald ein Gäns'blüm' schauen
Das ist recht in des Winters Krieg
Ein Vorbild von des Lenzes Sieg.

Weil ich solch ersten Zeugen seh',
Hüpft's innerlich mir in die Höh,
Und alle Leichen sich erheben
Zu einem Auferstehungsleben,
Und freundlich ruft der Tod mir zu:
Mein Reich liegt in der Morgenruh!

Auch hab' ichs viel im Herbst gesehn,
Wenn schon die Blätter schlafen gehn.
Da steht's und blüht so ohne Sorgen
Als lebt'es noch in seinem Morgen.
Nun, geb'es Gott, o Blümelein!
Dass dir mein Herbst mag ähnlich seyn.

Drum klag' ich sehr den armen Mann,
Der drob sich nicht erfreuen kann.
Und wer im Kleinen nichts kann sehen,
Mag wohl auch Grosses nicht verstehen,
So lehr' uns allen deinen Ruhm,
Du gar bescheid 'ne Gänseblum'.



THE COMING OF SPRING.

(Frühlings Einzug.)

W. Müller.

Open your windows, open your hearts,
And hasten, oh hasten!
Old Winter wants to be let out.
All through the house he trips about;
His mantle round his breast he strains,
And scrapes together all his gains—
Oh hasten! oh hasten!

Open your windows, open your hearts,
And hasten, oh hasten!
Before the town-gate Spring is near,
To pull old Winter by the ear,
To pluck his beard of hoary gray,
For that's the wild young fellow's way—
Oh hasten! Oh hasten!

Open your windows, open your hearts,
And hasten, oh hasten!
For Spring is here, and would fain come in.
Hark! hear ye not his merry din?
He raps and taps with main and might,
With little floweret buds so bright—
Oh hasten! Oh hasten!

Open your windows, open your hearts,
And hasten, oh hasten!
If for young Spring you don't clear the way—
He's many a servant in his pay—
He'll call to his aid these vassals true,
And begin to rap and to tap anew—
Oh hasten! Oh hasten!

Open your windows, open your hearts;
Oh hasten! Oh hasten!
With him young Morning Breeze I see:
A chubby rosy urchin he.
He'll blow till our windows shake and quake,
Except for his lord a way we make—
Oh hasten! Oh hasten!

Open your windows, open your hearts,
And hasten, oh hasten!
The good knight Sunshine is also come,
Who striketh with golden weapons home;
And Blossom-scent, the flatt'rer, too,
Creeping the tiniest cranny through—
Oh hasten! Oh hasten!

Open your windows, open your hearts,
And hasten, oh hasten!
The nightingale the charge must sound.
Hark! how her voice is echoed round.
An echo, too, through my heart doth ring.
Oh enter, yes, enter, thou lovely Spring!
And hasten, oh hasten!





AFTER THE HARVEST.

(Nach der Ernte.)

WEISSE.

THE fields around all empty lie,
Our barns are stored with grain,
And joyfully we homeward hie,
And bring our labour's gain.

Lovely the field, when Spring around
Has flung his verdure bright,
When May has strown with flowers the ground,
And trees are blooming white.

But lovelier far the golden wheat
That springeth from the soil,
That bows the head as though to greet
With thankfulness our toil.

Full thirty-fold each ear doth yield,
The single grain to pay,
That on the mountain, vale, or field,
We in the furrow lay.

On wagons, 'neath their golden weight
That groan, our maidens ride,
The while, with honest joy elate,
Our reapers march beside.

Then safely and secure from harm
We eat our well-earned food,
While crickets on our hearthstone warm
Chirp out their music rude.

O weakling townsman, honour thou
The horny hand of toil:
It keeps, whate'er thy pride may vow,
The sov'reign and the soil.



EVENING IN SPRING.

(Frühlings-abend.)

WHAT can lovelier be,
What inspire more glee,
Than the eve of a sweet spring day?
When buds scent the air,
And the cloudlets fair
Are tinged with the sun's last ray;
When the little birds are singing,
And the hum of the gnat is ringing,
And each honey-bee
So thriftily
Its burden is homeward bringing?

Then forth we roam,
Each quitting his home,
To sit in the mossy glade,
And we listen long
To the nightingale's song
And to pipes by the shepherds played;
And hark, from the lakes surrounding,
How the song of the frogs is sounding
Stern winter is past,
And their blood runs fast,
And their hearts are with courage bounding.

Though the day wanes low,
Yet no one may go
From his friends without a sigh;

For fairer to see,
Than his own roof-tree,
Is the canopy spread on high;
But the bright spring-day is ending,
And the silver moon is wending
Its path on high
Through the star-lit sky,
Abroad its radiance sending.

ORIGINAL.

WAS kann schöner seyn,
Was kann mehr erfreun,
Als ein Abend in der Lenzen?
Wenn der Blumenduft
Rings erfüllt die Luft,
Und die Abendwolken glänzen;
Wann die Vöglein brütend girren,
Und am See die Mücken schwirren;
Wann die Bienelein
Mit dem Honigseim,
Wohl beschwert nach Hause irren.

Dann geht man hinaus,
Lässt zurück das Haus,
Setzt sich auf den weichen Rasen;
Hört den süssen Schall
Von der Nachtigall
Und der Hirtenflöte blasen.

Auch der Frösche Lenzgesänge
Schallen aus dem Schilf in Menge;
Fröhlich ist ihr Muth
Aufgethaut ihr Blut
Nach des langen Winters Strenge.

Sinkt die Nacht alsdann
Gehet Jedermann,
Ungern aus der Freunde Mitte,
Weil des Himmels Zelt
Ihm besser gefällt
Als sein Dach und seine Hütte;
Doch die Zeit ist hingeflogen
Und die Nacht heraufgezogen,
Sammt den Sternelein
Welche, gross und klein
Glänzen an dem Himmelsbogen.

WANDERER'S SONG.

(Wander-lied.)

GOETHE.

FROM the mountain to the hill side,
Downward all the vale along,
Hark! a stirring, as of pinions!
Hark! a rushing, as of song!
To the bold unfettered impulse
Joy and triumph shall succeed;
So in love be still thy striving,
So thy life be life of deed.

Ah! the sweetest bonds are severed!
Confidence, alas! lies low!
What sad hap may now befall me;
Who shall tell me, who shall know?
I must turn away to wander,
Like a widow full of care,
Onward still, and ever banished,
Onward still, and resting ne'er.

To the soil be not thou fettered;
Boldly dare, and bravely roam;
Head and arm of willing power
Ev'rywhere shall find a home.
Wheresoe'er the sunbeam glitters,
Hath it power thy care to chase;
Therefore is the world so roomy,
That we spread o'er all its face.

NATURE AND MAN.

(Natur und Mensch.)

G. A. KINKEL.

GRIM murderers had taken the traveller's life away;—
Deep in the dreary pinewood, by the bubbling spring, he lay.

When it came—the hour of midnight—a stirring might you see,
Where airy sprites, like fire-flies, were flitting through ev'ry tree.

Like glow-worm and gleaming beetle the spirits of air are found,
And Will-o'-the-Wisp, the goblin, goes flickering with antic bound.

And from the little molehills, all numberless dart forth
The merry throng of elfins, the spirits of silent earth.

And last, from the sparkling water, with hair like the wave, so blue,
In frolicsome, mirthful bevy, Undiné and nymph came too.

They went to the fair dead one,—they told him their desire:
"Wilt go with us to the water?—wilt go to the air—the fire?"

But when they saw his features, where weary and wan he lay,
How wildly fled on the instant the spirit-realm away!

The rapid sylph flew onward, and cared for him no more,
But fluttered with waving pinions each beauteous flow'ret o'er.

And brighter blazed each goblin that danced in the flick'ring ring;
To the glow-worm lent the beetle the sheen of his glancing wing.

And merrily 'gan the nymphs then their graceful rings to weave,
And, smiling, danced round the dead one,—what cause had they to grieve?

The water-nymphs continued in the moonlit waves to play;
For free from love and hatred is the spirit-soul for aye.

But lo! the dawn of morning in the east is blooming bright,
And the weary spirits hide them in the depths of darksome night.

Still lies the corpse a-bleeding, while the morning beam doth trace
The ruddy hue of the living on the dead man's ashen face.

There came a youthful huntsman, roaming the woodland round;
He sang of the hunter's pleasure,—his horn gave blithest sound.

And when he saw the dead man—the dead man's foe was he—
Then knelt he down beside him, then wept he bitterly.

From off the dead man's bosom he washed the blood-red stains;
But little might he help him, for all his care and pains.

This eye is closed for ever,—this heart it beateth ne'er,—
Then grasps he, softly praying, his sturdy hunting spear.

He digs a grave, and gently the dead man lays therein,
And plants a cross upon it, and scatters flowers between.

He winds for him the death-song, on his horn with muffled tone,
And onward strides through the woodland, the forest's faithful son.





Sacred

and

Moral Songs.

Sacred and Moral Songs.

ALTHOUGH, strictly speaking, songs of this class would scarcely be expected to form a portion of a work like the present one, yet it is impossible to give a complete sketch of German Song Literature while this important branch is unrepresented. The finest productions of the sixteenth century are in the department of religious song. Luther and his followers, Paul Fleming and a number of writers of the sixteenth century, inculcated religious truths by means of hymns, which to the present day have never ceased to be popular. The earliest of these hymns contain simply a confession of faith. Among the sacred songs of the seventeenth century are to be found many excellent metrical versions of the Psalms. The hymns of Gellert have achieved a popularity which will appear somewhat remarkable to the student who compares the writings of this poet with the more healthy and vigorous effusions of his predecessors.



HYMN.

(Ein feste Burg.)

MARTIN LUTHER.

OUR God, a tower of strength is He,
A good defence and weapon;
From every care He helps us free,
That unto us doth happen.

The old evil foe
With rage now doth glow;
Much cunning, great power,
His fearful armour are—
On earth there is none like him.

With our own might is nothing done,—
We soon are lost and fallen;
There fights for us the Righteous Man,
Whom God Himself hath callen.
Dost ask who He is?
Christ Jesus, I wis;
The Lord Sabaoth,—
There is no other God,—
And He must be triumphant.

Though the world full of devils were,
All ready to devour us,
Still have we not such grievous fear,—
The victory is for us.
The prince of this earth
May scowl in his wrath;
But powerless must be,
For judgéd is he;—
A word can overcome him.

His written Word shall they let stand,
And little thanks inherit;
He fighteth for us in the land
With his good gifts and Spirit.

And, take they the life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife,
Let all pass away,—
Small profit have they,—
The kingdom yet awaits us.

ORIGINAL.

EIN' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen.
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alt' böse Feind,
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint.
Gross Macht und viel List
Sein grausam Rüstung ist.
Auf Erd ist nicht seins Gleichen.

Mit unser Macht ist Nichts gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren.
Es streit für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragst du, wer der ist?
Er heisst Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein ander Gott,
Das Feld muss er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,
Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,

So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie saur er sich stellt,
Thut er uns doch nicht,
Das macht, er ist gericht,
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn,
Und keinen Dank dazu haben.
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben,
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib!
Lass fahren dahin,
Sie habens kein Gewinn;
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

Under the title of "Luther's Hymn" this sacred song is already well known among us; and deservedly so, for it is redolent throughout of the burning zeal and undaunted intrepidity of the great Reformer. During the period between the years 1523-43, Luther wrote a number of religious songs for the use of the Reformed Church. Some of these songs were paraphrases of Psalms (the one given above is founded on the 46th); others were taken from earlier Latin or German hymns; and, interspersed among these, we find various original productions. The hymns of Luther formed a noble model for German religious song. They have deservedly kept their place to the present day in the hearts of the people, and are to be found, in forms more or less modified, in every Protestant collection of German hymns. Gödecke, in noticing these remarkable productions of Luther's pen, recommends the versions in Wackernagel's "Deutsche Kirchenlieder," pp. 129-151, as the most correct. In the German original version, given above, the orthography has been modernised. The first two lines of the concluding verse, for instance, would be, according to the old spelling :—

"Das wort sie söllen lassen stan,
Vnd kein danck dazu haben," &c.



CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR CHILDREN.

MARTIN LUTHER.

FROM heaven high I wing my flight,
To bring new tidings of glad delight;

Of tidings good so much I bring,
Thereof I'll speak, and thereof I'll sing.

For unto you a Child, this morn,
Is of a chosen virgin born;
A Child so blest, and fair to see,
He shall your joy and your comfort be.

For He is Jesus Christ, our King,
Who succour to us all shall bring;
To be our Saviour doth He deign,
Of all our sin to purge the stain.

Salvation 'mong you will He share,
Which God the Father did prepare,
That in the heavenly kingdom ye
Might dwell both now and eternally.

Then mark ye well the sign He chose,
The crib and lowly swaddling clothes;
There shall ye find the Infant lain
That earth and all things doth sustain.

Let us rejoice, then, every one,
And with the shepherds wander on,
To see what gift the God of heaven
To us, e'en his dear Son, hath given.

Awake! my heart, and lift thine eyes!
Behold what in yon manger lies!
What is this beauteous Babe so mild?
It is the lovely Jesus child.

All hail! to Thee, thou honoured Guest,
Who scorn'st not me, by sin opprest,
But helpest all my misery.
How shall I thank Thee worthily?

O Thou that all things didst create,
How hast Thou ta'en such lowly state,
That there Thou liest on withered grass,
Whereof have eaten ox and ass.

And, though the world were twice as great,
Of jewels and of gold create,
Too poor and worthless were it all,
To be for Thee a cradle small.

Thy costly silks and velvets gay
Are swaddling clothes and poorest hay,
Whereon rich king Thou dost appear
As though thy heavenly kingdom 'twere.

Thus hath it seemed good to Thee
That Thou this truth mights't teach to me,
That worldly honour, wealth, and gain
To Thee are empty, poor, and vain.

O Jesus, whom my heart holds dear,
Make Thee a warm soft cradle here;
Within my breast a dweller be,
That I may ever remember Thee.

That evermore I may rejoice,
And leap, and loudly tune my voice,
The true Hosanna hymn to raise
In sweetest notes of heartfelt praise.

Glory to God on highest throne,
Who sent to us his only Son;
Therefore rejoice, ye angel throng,
Of this new year to sing the song.

ORIGINAL.

VOM Himmel hoch da komm ich her,
Ich bring euch gute neue Mähr.
Der guten Mähr bring ich so viel
Davon ich singen und sagen will.

Euch ist ein Kindlein heut geborn
Von einer Jungfrau auserkorn,
Ein Kindelein so zart und fein
Das soll eu'r Frend und Wonne seyn.

Es ist der Herr Christ unser Gott,
Der will uns führ'n aus aller Noth'.
Er will uns Heiland selber sein,
Von allen Sünden machen rein.

Er bringt euch alle Seligkeit
Die Gott der Vater hat bereit,
Dass ihr mit uns im Himmelreich,
Sollt leben nu und ewigleich.

So merket nu das Zeichen recht,
Die Krippen, Windelein so schlecht.
Da findet ihr das Kind gelegt,
Das alle Welt erhält und trägt.

Des laszt uns alle fröhlich sein,
Und mit den Hirten gehn hinein,
Zu sehn was Gott uns hat bescheert,
Mit seinem lieben Sohn verehrt.

Merk auf, mein Herz, und sich dort hin,
Was liegt doch in dem Krippelin?
Wes ist das schöne Kindelin?
Es ist das liebe Jesulin.

Bis willekomm, du edler Gast!
Der Sünder nicht verschmähet hast,
Und kommst ins Elend her zu mir:
Wie soll ich immer danken dir?

Ach Herr, du Schöpfer aller Ding,
Wie bist du worden so gering,
Dass du da liegst auf dürrem Gras,
Davon ein Rind und Esel asz?

Und wär die Welt vielmal so weit,
Von Edelstein und Gold bereit:
So wär sie doch dir viel zu klein,
Zu sein ein enges Wiegelein.

Der Sommet und die Seiden dein
Das ist grob Heu und Windelein.
Darauf du, König, so gross und reich,
Hersprangst, als wär's dein Himmelreich.

Das hat also gefallen dir,
Die Wahrheit anzugeigen mir,
Wie aller Welt Macht, Ehre und Gut,
Für dir nichts gilt, nichts hilft noch thut.

Ach mein herzliebes Jesulin,
Mach dir ein rein sanft Bettelin,
Zu ruhen in meins Herzen Schrein,
Dass ich nimmer vergesse dein;

Davon ich allzeit fröhlich sei,
Zu springen; singen immer frei
Das rechte Husaninne schon,
Mit Herzenlust den süssen Ton.

Lob, Ehr sey Gott im höchsten Thron,
Der uns schickt seinem eignen Sohn!
Des freuen sich der Engel Schaar,
Und singen uns solchs neues Jahr.

FAITH.

(Vertrauen.)

When the sky is black and louring,
When thy path in life is drear,
Upward lift thy steadfast glances,
'Mid the maze of sorrow here.
From the beaming Fount of gladness
Shall descend a radiance bright;
And the grave shall be a garden,
And the hours of darkness light.

For the Lord will hear and answer,
When in faith his people pray;
Whatsoe'er He hath appointed
Shall but work thee good alway.
E'en thy very hairs are numbered,—
God commands when one shall fall;
And the Lord is with his people,
Helping each and blessing all.





GRAVE SONG.

(Grabgesang.)

MAHLMANN.

HAPPY the dead! they peacefully rest them,
From burdens that galled, from cares that oppress them,
From yoke of the world, and from tyranny,—
The grave, the grave, can alone set free,
The grave can alone set free.

Over the earth sorrow ever is reigning,
In its bosom alone is no voice of complaining.

O death-night, thou beddest us peacefully.
In the grave alone all lie equally,
In the grave all lie equally.

Once more to see from whom we have parted,
Once more to press to our hearts the true-hearted,
Ever to dwell in sweet unity.
The grave, the grave, then shall joyful be,
The grave then shall joyful be.

Land of promise, that lead'st the wearied
From howling tempests to peace unvaried.—
When joy hath perish'd, and hope is past,
The grave, the grave, holds the anchor fast,
The grave holds the anchor fast.

Death's dark portal with garlands wreathe ye;
O'er the grave songs of gladness breathe ye;
Steer toward the haven trustfully;
The grave shall a gate of triumph be,
Shall a gate of triumph be.

ORIGINAL.

SELIG die Todten! sie ruhen und rasten,
Von drückenden Sorgen, von quälenden Lasten,
Vom Joche der Welt und der Tyrannei;
Das Grab, das Grab macht allein nur frei,
Das Grab macht allein nur frei.

Ueber der Erde da walten die Sorgen ;
Im Schoose der Mutter ist jeder geborgen.
O Nacht des Todes ! du bettest weich ;
Das Grab, das Grab macht allein nur gleich,
Das Grab macht allein nur gleich.

Wieder sich finden und wieder umarmen,
Und wieder am Herzen Geliebter erwarmen,
Und ewig zu leben im süssen Verein!
Das Grab, das Grab wird uns all' erfreun,
Das Grab wird uns all' erfreun.

Land der Verheissung, du führest die Müden
Nach brasenden Sturmen zu seligen Frieden.
Wenn Freude verschwindet, wenn Hoffnung verlässt,
Das Grab, das Grab hält den Anker fest,
Das Grab hält den Anker fest.

Kränzet die Thore des Todes mit Zweigen,
Und tanzt um die Gräber in fröhlichen Reigen,
Und steuert muthig zum Hafen hinein ;
Das Grab, das Grab soll Triumphthor seyn,
Das Grab soll Triumphthor seyn.



SONG OF CONSOLATION.

(Trostlied.)

G. Neumark (1657.)

To let God rule who's but contented,
And humbly in Him hopeth still,
Shall marvellously be prevented
In ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry ill.
Who leaneth on God's mighty hand,
He hath not built his house on sand.

For what is all our heavy yearning,
And wherefore make we such ado?
What prospers it that ev'ry morning
We o'er our sorrow wail anew?
Whereunto works our clamour vain
But to increase our grief and pain?

Then must we for a time content us,
And for a little while be still;
Await what through God's grace is sent us,
What worketh his omniscient will.
God, who our helper deigns to be,
Well knoweth our necessity.

He knows with true joys to surround us,
And what we want He knoweth too;
If only faithful He hath found us,
Free from hypocrisy, and true,
God, ere we deem He can be near,
With many blessings will appear.

Then think not, in thy depth of sadness,
The Lord hath turned away his face,
Nor deem a life of constant gladness
Must be the token of his grace;
The future time may change the whole—
Unto each man is set his goal.

These are, for God, light things, and brittle—
To Him that sits in highest state—
To make the rich man poor and little,
To make the poor man rich and great:—
He is the wondrous God alone,
That setteth up and casteth down.

Sing, pray, and to God's precepts lend thee;
Still faithfully thy duty do;
Trust the rich blessing He will send thee,—
It shall come down to thee anew:—
When one his stronghold God doth make,
God never will that man forsake.

ORIGINAL.

WER nur den lieben Gott lässt walten,
Und hoffet auf Ihn allezeit,
Der wird ihn wundersam erhalten,
In aller Noth und Traurigkeit.
Wer Gott dem Allerhöchsten traut,
Der hat auf keinen Sand gebaut.

Was helfen uns die schweren Sorgen?
Was hilft uns unser Weh und Ach?
Was hilft es dass wir alle Morgen
Beseuftzen unser Ungemach?
Wir machen unser Kreutz und Leid
Nur grösser durch die Traurigkeit.

Man halte nur ein Wenig stille,
Und sey doch in sich selbst vergnügt,
Wie uns'res Gottes Gnadenwille,
Wie sein' Allwissenheit es fügt,
Gott, der uns Ihm hat auserwehlt,
Der weiss auch sehr gut, was uns fehlt.

Er kennt die rechten Freudenstunden,
Er weiss wohl wenn es nützlich sey,
Wenn er uns nur hat treu erfunden
Und merket keine Heuchelei—
So kömmt Gott eh wir's uns versehn
Und lasset uns viel Guts geschehn.

Denk nicht, in deiner Drangsalshitze
Dass du von Gott verlassen seyst,
Und dass Gott der im Schoose sitze
Der sich mit stetem Glücke speist,
Die Folgezeit verändert viel,
Und setzet Jeglichem sein Ziel.

Es sind ja Gott recht schlechte Sachen,
Und ist dem Höchsten alles gleich,

Den Reichen klein und arm zu machen,
Den Armen aber gross und reich.
Gott ist der rechte Wundermann
Der bald erhöh'n, bald stürzen kann.

Sing, bet' und geh' auf Gottes Wegen,
Verricht das deine nur getreu,
Und trau des Himmels reichem Segen,
So wird er bei dir werden neu.
Denn, welcher seine Zuversicht
Auf Gott setzt, den verlässt er nicht.

TO HIM.

(Zu Ihm.)

MAHLMANN.

ALLAH gives light in the darkness,
Allah gives comfort in woe ;
Cheeks that are whitened with sorrow
Allah maketh to glow.

Blossom and flower are fading,
Years are fleeting and brief;
But, ah ! my heart yet remaineth
Beating so heavy with grief.

Forth to the dwelling of Allah
Gladly, gladly I'll flee.
Yonder the gloom shall have vanished,
Yonder I clearly shall see !

ORIGINAL.

ALLAH gibt Licht in Nächten,
Allah gibt Trost in Noth,
Und bleich gehärmte Wangen
Färbt Allah wieder roth.

Blumen und Blüthen welken,
Jahre verschwinden im Flug,
Doch ach! mein Herz wird bleiben,
Das hier voll Schwermuth schlug.

Fröhlich zu Allah's Wohnung,
Werd' ich hinüber gehn,
Dort wird die Nacht verschwinden,
Dort wird mein Auge sehn!

HOPE.

(Die Hoffnung.)

F. SCHILLER.

ALL men to speak and to dream are prone
Of better days before them;
We see them pressing and striving on
To the happier goal that's o'er them;—
The world's renewed as the world decays,
But man hopes ever for better days.

Hope leads man into this earth below—
Round the merry boy see it hover;

It lightens his youth with its magic glow,
Nor quits him when life is over;—
When, aged and weary, his course must cease,
With "Hope" on his tombstone he slumbers in peace.

It is not a fiction empty and vain,
From a fool's dull brain descended;
A voice in our heart cries once and again,
"For better things we're intended!"—
And the hopes those inward sounds impart
Shall never deceive the trusting heart.

NOT ONLY FOR THIS NETHER WORLD.

(Nicht blos für diese Unterwelt.)

C. L. G. Meister.

Not only for this nether world
Were wreaths of friendship bound;
When the great scroll shall be unfurled
Its worth shall sure be found.

Where joy's bright fountain-head runs o'er,
Where nought a tear can move,
Where bursting hearts at length may soar
To endless life and love—

The mighty value of that love,
Diffused our race among,
In friendship's fatherland above
Shall swell the angels' song.

E'en here congenial spirits still
Entwine in friendship fond;
But purer love our hearts shall fill
In brighter realms beyond.

How soon our dying hour draws near!
How soon our knell must toll!
Inexorably swift 'tis here,
And doubts affright the soul.

When once my dying hour appears,
To sever me from thee;
When thine eye shall be filled with tears,
And mine shall darkened be;—

My parting glance, my dying breath,
Shall Heaven for thee implore,
And, blessed thought! that after death
We meet to part no more!

Oh Hope, that binds the broken heart,
Descend on us, we pray,
And wipe, when cherished friends depart,
Our bitter tears away.

THE HAMMER-STROKE.

[MASON'S SONG.]

(Der Hammerschlag.)

EBERHARD.

WHY pause now the minstrels who erst sang so proudly?
Our bold, merry singers, why hold they their peace?
Now say, has a hammer-stroke fallen so loudly,
To bid all our revelry suddenly cease?
Chorus. Now say, has a hammer-stroke, &c.?

Yes, truly, the mightiest hammer is wielded
By one who can use it with terrible sway;—
One blow—and the glad-hearted singer has yielded
His spirit to darkness and silence away.
Chorus. One blow—and the glad-hearted, &c.

Sad tears, youth, and prayers his compassion move never,
Nor song of blithe heart that so merrily rings;
Hoar age and gay youth are both silenced for ever,
Aloft for a blow when his hammer he swings.
Chorus. Hoar age and gay youth, &c.

Then hasten, my brethren,—now raise we our glasses,—
Now sing we a song full of gladness, I say;—
For he who enjoyeth his life as it passes,
The guerdon of wisdom hath carried away.
Chorus. For he who enjoyeth, &c.

Not perfect, by far, is this earth, where we're dwelling;
But joys without number shine out 'mid its woes.

Of innocent joys angel-voices are telling,
Where verdure gleams 'round us, where blossoms the rose.
Chorus. Of innocent joys angel-voices, &c.

And when with his hammer Death summons each mortal,
We follow in hope, not in dread or affright:
He leads us to life through the gloomiest portal,—
To heavenly day through the darkness of night.
Chorus. He leads us to life, &c.

Oh, happy the spirits initiate who wander,
The bright throne surrounding, where all is unfurled!
Oh, recompense mighty we hope to gain yonder—
To gaze on the Master who fashioned the world!
Chorus. Oh, recompense mighty we hope to gain yonder—
To gaze on the Master who fashioned the world!

BEFORE THE DOORS.

(Vor den Thüren.)

F. RUCKERT.

I WENT to knock at Riches' door;
They threw me a farthing the threshold o'er.

To the door of Love did I then repair,—
But fifteen others already were there.

To Honour's castle I took my flight;—
They opened to none but to belted knight.

The house of Labour I sought to win,—
But I heard a wailing sound within.

To the house of Content I sought the way,—
But none could tell me where it lay.

One quiet house I yet could name,
Where, last of all, I'll admittance claim ;

Many the guests that have knocked before,
But still—in *the grave*—there's room for more.

CONSOLATION.

(Trost.)

EICHENDORFF.

THERE sang full many a poet,
In our beautiful German land,
Whose songs now no longer echo ;—
The singers rest in the sand.

But still, while around our planet
The stars through the heavens shall range,
Shall hearts sing, in changing measure,
Of the beauty that knows no change.

I' the woodland yonder lies ruined
The home of the heroes hoar ;
But yearly, from hall and portal,
The spring breaks forth as before.

Wherever the weary warriors
Sink down in the maddening rout,
New races are forward springing,
And fighting it honestly out.

THE CHAPEL.

(Die Kapelle.)

UHLAND.

PEACEFUL from the hill the chapel
Looketh on the vale below;
Singing clear by stream and meadow,
Doth the joyous herdboy go.

Hark!—the little bell's sad tolling!
Hark!—the death-hymn's awful thrill!
And the boy's glad voice is silent,
And he listens, grave and still.

Yonder to the grave are carried
Who within the vale were gay;
Careless herdboy—careless herdboy!
Thus they'll sing for thee one day!

ORIGINAL.

DROBEN stehet die Kapelle,
Schauet still in's Thal hinab,
Drunten singt bei Wies' und Quelle,
Froh und hell der Hirtenknab'.

Traurig tönt das Glöcklein nieder,
Schauerlich der Leichenchor;
Stille sind die frohen Lieder,
Und der Knabe lauscht empor.

Droben bringt man sie zu Grabe,
Die sich freuten in dem Thal;
Hirtenknabe! Hirtenknabe!
Dir auch singt man dort einmal.

ETERNITY.

(Ewigkeit.)

From a hymn-book printed at Cologne in 1625.

ETERNITY, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Yet hasteth on toward thee our life,
E'en as the war-steed to the strife,
The messenger toward home, doth go,
Or ship to shore, or bolt from bow.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
As in a globe, so smooth and round,
Beginning ne'er and end are found,
Eternity, not more can we
Beginning find, or end, in thee.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Thou art a ring of awful mould,
For ever is thy centre called,

And *never* thy circumf'rence wide,
For unto thee no end can tide.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
And if a little bird bore forth
One single sand corn from the earth,
And took in thousand years but one,
Ere thou wert past, the world were gone.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
In thee, if every thousandth year
An eye should drop one little tear,
To hold the water thence would grow
Nor heaven nor earth were wide enow.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
The sand and water in the sea
But portions of thy whole can be;
No reck'ning long can e'er suffice
To give the measure of thy size.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Hear, man! So long as God shall reign,
So long continue hell and pain;
So long last heaven and joy also.—
Oh, lengthened joy! oh, lengthened woe!

ORIGINAL.

O EWIGKEIT, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
Doch eilt zu dir schnell uns're Zeit,
Gleichwie das Heerpferd zu dem Streit,
Nach Haus der Bot, das Schiff zum Gestad,
Der schnelle Pfeil vom Bogen ab.

O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
Gleichwie an einer Kugel rund,
Kein Anfang und kein End' ist kund;
Also, o Ewigkeit an dir,
Noch Ein—noch Ausgang finden wir.

O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
Du bist ein Ring unendlich weit,
Dein Mittelpunkt heisst Allezeit,
Niemals der weite Umkreis dein,
Weil deiner nie kein End wird seyn.

O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
Hinnehmen könnt' ein Vöglein klein,
All ganzer Welt Sandkörnlein ein:
Wenn's nur eins nähm' all tausend Jahr,
Nach dem wär nichts von ihr fürwahr.

O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
In dir wenn nur all tausend Jahr
Ein Aug vergöss ein kleine Thrän,
Würd wachsen Wasser solche Meng,
Dass Erd' und Himmel wär zu eng.

O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
Der Sand im Meer und Tropfen all,
Sind nur ein Bruch der einen Zahl;
Allein schwitzt über dir umsonst,
Die tiefste Mess-und Rechenkunst.

O Ewigkeit, o Ewigkeit,
Wie lang bist du o Ewigkeit!
Hör' Mensch: So lange Gott wird seyn
So lang wird seyn der Höllen Pein,
So lang wird seyn des Himmels Freud,
O lange Freud; o langes Leid!



POLITICAL,

SATIRICAL,

AND



The Tailor's Heroism.

HUMOUROUS SONGS.



Political, Satirical, and Humorous Songs.

SATIRICAL commentaries on political events are exceedingly common among the Germans, and have been popular from the time of Charles V. downwards. The time of the Thirty Years' War presents many songs of this kind. They are mostly lengthy effusions, setting forth Wallenstein's discomfiture before Stralsund, the taking of Madgeburg, the battle of Lützen, &c. Of the lampoons on Napoleon, wherewith Germany was inundated after the conqueror's discomfiture, two specimens are given. The song of Urian and his voyage is among the most widely-circulated of its class in Germany, and has, therefore, been translated here, though much of the quaintness of the original is sacrificed in the process.

TAILORS' HEROISM.

(Kleidermacher-muth.)

A. Chamisso.

And when the tailors rebelled of late,
Couragio!
They instituted a massacre great,
And then began to deliberate.—
To grant it, sir king, thou must swear, swear, swear
Yes, thou must swear.

And three conditions we'll make with thee:
Couragio!
For the first the work-dames abolished must be,
Who shorten the earnings of such as we.—
To grant this, sir king, thou must swear, swear, swear!
Yes, thou must swear.

And this is the next thing we propose,
Couragio!
The tailor may smoke in the open street,
Be the Polizei's anger never so great.—
To grant this, sir king, thou must swear, swear, swear!
Yes, thou must swear.

What our third request is, we're not aware;
Couragio!
But still it's the cream of the whole affair;
Unto our last gasp to maintain it we dare.—
To grant it, sir king, thou must swear, swear, swear!
Yes, thou must swear.

ORIGINAL.

UND als die Schneider revoltirt,
Courage!
So haben sie grausam massakrirt,
Und stolz am Ende parlamentirt:
Herr König, das sollst du uns schwö-hö-hören,
Ja schwören.

Und drei Bedingungen wollen wir stell'n:
Courage!
Schaff ab, zum Ersten, die Schneidermamsellen
Die das Brod verkürzen uns Schneider gesellen;
Herr König, das sollst du uns schwö-hö-hören,
Ja schwören.

Die brennende Pfeife zum Andern sei,
Courage!
Zum höchsten Aerger der Polizei
Auf offerer Strasse uns Schneidern frei!
Herr König, das sollst du uns schwö-hö-hören,
Ja schwören.

Das Dritte, Herr König, noch wissen wirs nicht,
Courage!
Doch bleibt es das Best' an der ganzen Geschicht'
Wir bestehen auch drauf bis zum jüngsten Gericht,
Herr König, das sollst du uns schwö-hö-hören,
Ja schwören.

THE WOOER.

(Der Freiersmann.)

ELEVEN brides are loved by me,—
The twelfth is wanting still;
Therefore, dear child, I've chosen thee
The number—twelve—to fill.
Yet think not I'm of Turkish blood,—
I am, and will be, a Christian good.

To one dear bride I gave my hand,—
Her name is *Liberty;*
The second, my *German Fatherland,*
Soon after married me.
Count but *Nine Muses,* dear, besides;
There have you my eleven brides.

To be the twelfth, an't listeth thee,
Take thou my hand this day;
But, hark'ee, child, drive jealousy
Far from thy heart away,—
Not e'en the holy marriage vow
Can make me quit those others now.



A TRAGICAL STORY.

(Tragische Geschichte.)

CHAMISSO.

A MAN was troubled in his mind
For that his pigtail hung behind,
And needs would have it alter'd.

Thinks he, "How's this to be begun?
I'll turn me round, and the thing is done;"
And—his pigtail hangs behind him.

Then turns he nimbly round in haste,—
As it stood at first, it stands at last;—
His pigtail hangs behind him.

The other way he turned him round,
But ne'er a whit of pleasure found;—
His pigtail hangs behind him.

To right and left he turned, where he stood,—
It did no harm, and it wrought no good;—
For—his pigtail hangs behind him.

Like a top he turneth o'er and o'er;
It avails him nought, as we said before;—
His pigtail hangs behind him.

And see, he turns to the present day,
And thinks, "At length it must work its way;"—
But—his pigtail hangs behind him.

ORIGINAL.

S' WAR Einer, dem's zu Herzen ging,
Dass ihm der Zopf so hinten hing,
Er wollt' es anders haben.

So denkt' er denn—" Wie fang ich's an?
Ich dreh mich um, so ist's gethan,
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da hat er flink sich umgedreht,
Und wie es stund, es annoch steht—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da dreht er sich schnell anders 'rum
S' wird aber noch nicht besser drum,—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich links, er dreht sich rechts,
Es thut nichts Gut's, es thut nichts Schlecht's,—
Der Zopf der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich wie ein Kreisel fort,
Es hilfts zu nichts, in einen Wort—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Und seht, er dreht sich immer noch,
Und denkt—es hilft am Ende doch—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

THE WORLD A BEER-BOTTLE.

(Die Welt eine Bierbouteille.)

A BEER-BOTTLE the world resembles;
We men and women are the beer.
This saying has a good foundation;
And just to prove it I am here.
The *froth*, of course, means high-born people;
The beer itself, the burgher stout;
The dregs, that ne'er can rise to match it,
The much-enduring peasant lout.

Now, when the cork is first extracted,
The froth appears at once displayed;
The other parts are scarcely heeded,—
From froth our estimates are made.
But strength lies in the beer below it,
The froth is empty, void, and vain,
And, high as Master Froth has risen,
So deeply shall he fall again.

The dregs are wholly disregarded,—
We know ingratitude is dumb;
And yet 'tis but through Dregs' exertion
Sir Froth so mighty has become.
Now, hear the end of this my ditty;
Death makes an expected call,
And never waits to ask permission,
But clears out froth, and dregs, and all.



THE HUSSITES BEFORE NAUMBURG.

(Die Hussiten vor Naumburg.)

THE Hussites invested Naumburg,
By way of Jena and Kamburg.
On the "Vogelwies," far and near,
Nought was seen but sword and spear,
Near one hundred thousand.

And when Naumburg they invested,
Plague the people a great distress did.
Hunger bit them, thirst held fast;
Half an ounce of coffee at last
Sixteen pennies cost them.

And when nought it seemed could save them,
One good scheme some hope still gave them;
For a pedagogue set his wit
To find a stratagem, and hit
On his little scholars.

"Children," said he, "you are young, sure;
None of you has done any wrong, sure.
I will lead you to Prokop.
He won't be so bad, I hope,
That he should destroy you.

Old Prokop this mightily please did;
He on cherries the youngsters feasted;
Then he drew his sword from its case,
And commanded, "Right about face,
Backward march from Naumburg."

In this miracle's honour the people
Ev'ry year a holiday keep all.
Surely the cherry-feast you know,
Where with our cask to the tents we go,—
Victory and freedom!

This is an old song founded on an historical event. Procopius having invested Naumburg, was propitiated in the manner described in the text.

URIAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

(Urian's Reise um die Welt.)

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

THE man who on a voyage goes
Some wonders can unravel;
So with my hat and stick I chose
To go at once and travel.
Chor. Now that was not stupidly done, we say,—
Go on with your story, friend Urian, pray.

First to the North Pole did we steer;—
My stars, but it was freezing;
Which made me think "At home, 'tis clear,
The weather's much more pleasing."
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

The Greenlanders right glad I found
To see me in their land, sirs;—
They passed a jug of train-oil round—
I thought I'd let it stand, sirs.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

The Esquimaux—great savage race—
No good thing e'er are fleet in;—
I called one "lubber" to his face,
And got an awful beating.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

Now in America was I,—
And said "Friend Urian to it—
The North-west passage must be nigh;
Suppose you scamper through it!"
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

I put to sea;—my telescope
Fast with a cord I bound it;
I sought my way with trustful hope—
But yet I haven't found it.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

To Mexico I next was bound—
Further than Bremen—rather;
"There gold," I thought, "lies strown around.—
I must a sackful gather."
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

But oh! but oh! but oh! but oh!
How could such stories blind me?
I found but sand and stones, I trow,
And left my sack behind me.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

Some cold provisions next I bought—
Kiel, sprats, plum-cake, and so on;
And hired a post-chaise, for I thought
To Asia next I'd go on.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

The great Mogul's a mighty man,—
His kindness is distracting;—
I found his slaves, in grand divan,
His highness's tooth extracting.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

Thinks I, "Your tooth aches, sir, I see;
Now, by all wealth and pleasure,
What use is it Mogul to be?—
Why, *I* can have that pleasure."
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

I told the host my fixed intent
Was *soon* to pay him all, sirs;
And off upon a journey went
To China and Bengal, sirs.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

Then went I onward to Japan,
To Afric' and Tahiti,
And on my way met many a man,
And looked at many a city.
Chor. Now that was not, &c.

And on my travels ev'rywhere,
Loose still I found a screw, sirs;
The folks were like the people here,
And just such fools as you, sirs.
Chor. Now that *was* stupidly done, we say,—
Just leave off your story, friend Urian, pray.

ORIGINAL.

WENN Jemand eine Reise thut,
So kann er was erzählen,
Drum nahm ich meinen Stock und Hut,
Und thät das Reisen wählen.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel dran gethan,
Verzähl er doch weiter, Herr Urian.

Zuerst ging's an den Nordpl hin,
Da war es kalt, bei Ehre;
Da dacht ich denn, in meinem Sinn
Dass es hier besser wäre.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

In Grönland freuten sie sich sehr,
Mich ihres Orts zu sehen;
Und setzten mir den Thrankrug her,
Ich liess ihn aber stehen.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Die Eskimos sind wild und gross,
Zu allem Guten träge;
Da schalt ich Einen einen Klotz,
Und kriegte viele Schläge.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Nun war ich in Amerika,
Da sagt' ich zu mir: "Lieber,
Nordwestpassage ist noch da,
Mach' dich einmal darüber."
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Flugs ich an Bord, und aus in's Meer,
Den Tubus fest gebunden;
Und suchte sie die Kreuz und Quer,
Und hab' sie nicht gefunden.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Von hier ging ich nach Mexico;
Ist weiter als nach Bremen—
"Da," dacht' ich, "liegt das Gold wie Stroh,
Du sollst' nen Sack voll nehmen."
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Allein—allein—allein—allein—
Wie kann ein Mensch sich trügen!
Ich fand da nichts als Sand und Stein,
Und liess den Sack da liegen.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Drauf kauft ich etwas kalte Kost,
Und Kieler Sprott' und Kuchen,
Und setzte mich auf Extrapost,
Land Asia zu besuchen.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Der Mogul ist ein grosser Mann,
Und gnädig über Maszen—
Und klug—er war itzt eben dran
'Nen Zahn ausziehn zu lassen.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

"Ha"—dacht' ich—"der hat Zähne-pein—
Bei aller Gröss' und Gaben—

Was hilft deun auch noch Mogul seyn—
Die kann man so wohl haben."—
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Ich gab dem Wirth mein Ehrenwort
Ihn nächstens zu bezahlen;
Und damit reist' ich weiter fort,
Nach China und Bengalen.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Nach Java und nach Otaheit'
Und Afrika nicht minder;
Und sah, bei der Gelegenheit,
Viel Städt' und Menschenkinder.
Chor. Da hat er gar nicht übel, &c.

Und fand es überall wie hier,
Fand überall 'nen Sparren,
Die Menschen g'rade so wie wir
Und eben solche Narren.
Chor. Da hat er übel, übel dran gethan,
Verzähl er nicht weiter, Herr Urian.



THE MONTHS AND THE MEN.

(Die Monate und die Männer.)

In JANUARY we find the men
With us on the ice will go;
They make what is black appear quite white—
Thus their words are like the snow.
In FEBRUARY they wear a mask;
Till MARCH they keep it on:
Until such time as the frosty rime
From off their hearts is gone.

A month skips by, and they lead us in
Politely to APRIL tide;
And, when at length bright MAY appears,
They lead us home as bride.
And now our honeymoon is past,
As JUNE comes round again,
Then truly I wot the days wax hot,
And it thunders now and then.

JULY brings us frequent thunderstorms—
The dog-days we must bear;
In AUGUST 'tis worse, for lightning oft
May strike us unaware.
SEPTEMBER cools our heated hearts—
The days wax shorter, too;
The husband leaves home abroad to roam,
Nor cares what his wife may do.

OCTOBER carries off our joys
In mists of murky gray,
And sweetest memories fall apace,
Like withered leaves, away.
NOVEMBER bringeth a voice that calls,
And short are the hours of light;
When comes with his cold DECEMBER old,
Our love is frozen quite.

90 × 9 × 99.

OH once it was the tailors
Would for their courage shine;
Then drank there of them ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
Out of a thimble, wine.

When they assembled, the tailors,
They sat in council round;
And room enough for ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
On a playing card was found.

When they came home, the tailors,
Admittance they could not win;
Then crept there of them ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
At a narrow keyhole in.

They went to the inn, the tailors,
 And held a grand carouse,
And there at table ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
 Dined off a roasted mouse.

They had no conveyance, the tailors,
 To carry them through the land;
They mounted and rode, the ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety,
 Upon a hazel wand.

When they got home, the tailors,
 At table they did recline;
They sat and drank the ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
 From one half-pint of wine.

When the wine took effect on the tailors,
 No man saw where they slept,
For each and all of the ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
 In a pair of snuffers crept.

When they'd done sleeping, the tailors,
 They knew not how to get out;
So mine host he took the ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety,
 And threw them at window out.

And when they fell, the tailors,
They tumbled down and down;
And grievously the ninety
Times nine times nine-and-ninety
In a waterbutt did drown.

There is an older, untranslatable song, of which this eccentric production seems a modernised version. The original runs thus:—

Die Schneider gaben ein Gastgebot
Und waren alle froh,
Da aszen ihrer neune
Ja neunmal neunzig neune
Einen halben gebratenen F * * h.

Und als sie nun gegessen
Da hatten sie guten Muth;
Da tranken ihrer neune,
Ja neunmal neunzig neune,
Aus einem Fingerhut.

Und als sie nun getrunken,
Da bekamen sie auch Hitz,
Da tanzten ihrer neune
Ja neunmal neunzig neune
Auf einer Nadelspitz.

Und als sie nun getanzet
Da waren sie voller Schlafs,
Da schliefen ihrer neune
Ja neunmal neunzig neune
Auf einem Halmen Stroh.

Und als sie nun so schliefen
Da raschelt eine Maus,
Da sprangen ihrer neune,
Ja neunmal neunzig neune,
Zum Schlüsselloch hinaus.

THE KRÄHWINKEL GUARDSMEN.

(Der Krähwinkler Landsturm.)

Now go slowly before, now go slowly before,
That the Krähwinkel guardsmen may march to the war.
If the enemy's people our strength did but know
They'd have run to the world's end a long time ago.
Now go slowly &c.

Now we're marching straight onward to Paris town;
They say there that smoking has not been put down.
Now go slowly, &c.

There seems to be no end of the marching to-day;
Our lieutenant can't make out the chart of the way.
Now go slowly, &c.

Hasn't nobody seen the ensign with the flag;
One can't tell at all how the wind doth wag.
Now go slowly, &c.

Don't you use up your drum, little drummer, d'ye hear?
For lately good calf-skins have grown rather dear.
Now go slowly, &c.

Please, captain, my rear man keeps trotting on so,
He'll march all the skin off my heels, I know.
Now go slowly,

Friend Barthel, your spirit-flask to me pass o'er;
It's very thirsty work this—going to the war.
Now go slowly, &c.

In France, good heavens, however shall we fare?
They say not a soul knoweth German there.
Now go slowly, &c.

Now fly, now fly, now all of you fly!—
For yonder a French sentry-box I spy.
Now go slowly, &c.

Those Frenchmen have a habit of firing in the air;
And if people are standing there, what do they care?
Now go slowly, &c.

At the battle of Leipzic—that glorious day—
We'd almost made a prisoner—but he got away.
Now go slowly, &c.

And then, when a shell on the bridge did burst,
My stars, how we all put our best leg first.
Now go slowly, &c.

If a poor lad's hit by a brute of a ball,
Having served the campaign is of no use at all.
Now go slowly, &c.

A Bavarian dumpling's the best ball for me,
For it's not quite so likely to go off, you see.
Now go slowly, &c.

Then, peasants, cook dumplings and millet broth;
Our guardsmen are good at attacking them both.
March on stoutly before, march on stoutly before,
That we on the dumplings may bravely make war.
Now go slowly, &c.

EMPEROR KLÄS.

(Kaiser Kläs.)

LISTEN, people! keep you still
Hear the tale that I will tell,
All of Kläs, the emp'ror great,
Of the mighty game he played;
Who from Corsica came forth,
Rightly to inspect the earth.

And there was a battling sore;
Just like oxen did they roar.
Kläs he was a cunning chap;
Soon he set his empire up;—
Sat him on a golden chair;
In the school played master there.

And he helped his brothers off;
Gave them mantle, coat, and staff.
"Seek ye," said he then to these,
"Seek ye kingdoms—take your ease.
On the Rhine seek kingdoms fair,
For there is disunion there."

With his wallet each did roam;
Found him money, found him home.
Holland soon was Louis' prey;
Jerome took Westphale away;
Joseph a Don Spaniard grew;
Joachim grabbed something too.

But his sisters cried "Oh dear!"
That they quite forgotten were.
Then he needs must something do
To set up those ladies too;
But full pow'r he o'er them had;
They like little girls were led.

Now did Kläs set up his throne;
Wore on's head a golden crown.
Who to harm our Kläs could try?—
Snug was he as hog in sty.
Soldiers plenty, too, had he;
And the fellow jumped with glee.

But with pride he soon did swell;
That has never prospered well.
"I will go to Russia, there
I will kill each surly bear."
To his people Kläs thus spake;
Mightily he thus did brag.

With his army did he go—
"Bump!" there stuck he fast i' th' snow;
And then Austerlitz' fair sun
Shone so cold, he'd fain put on

Warmest coat and thickest cap;
Scarce for trembling could stand up.

And our mighty empereur
Left in lurch his Monsieur frère;
All his men had noses blue
When they came their homes unto.
Soon the knaves were forced to pack,
For the Cossacks chased them back.

Kläs continued in his course;
Played his antics worse and worse:
But at once he lost his game;
Quickly on his track they came.
Soon exceeding small he sings,
Liking not the look of things.

St. Helena, that fair maid,
Now's his paradise—his bride.
Kläs goes hunting with her out;
Dreams no more of battle rout;
And, to pass the time away,
With an axe the rats doth slay.

ORIGINAL.

(*In the Hamburgh Platt-deutsch.*)

HORT mâl lüd, en bitgen still,
Hort wat ick vertellen will,
Van den gröten Kaiser Kläs,
Dat wär mal en fixen Bäs,

Ded von Korsika her tën
Wall de welt mal recht besehn.

Un' da wör en Schlachtere
Bölken dën' se, as de Kö;
Kläs dat wör'n vertrackten Kop,
Bald sët he da bäben op
Set sik op en golden Stöl,
Un spel Meister in de Schöl.

Un sin Bröders hölp er ök,
Gäf jem Mantel, Rock un Stock;
Sökt jo, sä he denn to jem,
Ok en Stöl, mäkt jö't bequem,
Sökt en Rik jo öbern Rhîn
Wo se sik nich ênig sin.

Jeder nöm sin Bedelsack
Soch sik Geld, und Dak un Fak.
Holland nöm de Ludewig,
Rönmus nöm Westphalen sik,
Joseph wur èn Herr Spaniol,
Jochen sik ôk gôt empfôl.

Un sin Süsters schrie'n o weh!
Gans vergêten wören se,—
Kreg he jem ôk bî de Pump,
Mâk jem to wat op en Schlump,
Doch muss' he jem gans regêr'n
Se benôm 'n sik as de Gör'n.

Klâs sêt nu da bâben op,
Har so'n golden Kron op'n Kop;
Wer wull unserm Klâs wat dô'n,
He wôr snigger as'n Schwôn!
Un Soldaten har he ôk,
Und de Kerl sprôk as 'n Bök.

Doch he blâs van Uebermôt,
De deit nun un nümmer gôt.
Ik will mâl na Russland gân,
Will de Bûren all dôt schlân!
Segt min Klâs to sine Lüd,
De he gans gewaltig brüd.

As he köm mit sîn Armee,
Bôts! da sêt he fast in Snee,
Un de Sünn von Austerlitz
Schi'n so köld—he nömm en Mütz,
Trok en warmen Kiddel an,
Kunn vor Bëbern nich mehr stâ'n.

Un de gröte Empereur
Lët in Stich sîn Musche frère,
Alle hahn se'n blaue Schnüt,
As se köm'n üt Land herüt.
Kosâken har'n se grîpen wult,
Nu heft je Kerls jem fix verpült!

Klâs het dat noch mehrmals spêlt,
Un het ûmmer mehr noch grölt,
Da wenn' sik enmal dat Blatt,
Un' se kömen em vôr't Gatt,

Un em wur nich göt to Môd,
Denn he lëft kein Flidderôd.

Helena de Jumfer is
Nu sîn Brüt, sîn Paradîs;
Kläs geit mit ër op de Jagd
Drömt nich mehr von Krieg un Schlacht,
Un het he mâl Langewîl,
Schleit he Rötten d'ôt mît'n Bîl.

THE RETREAT.

(Rückzug.)

Oh! he who from Russia is forced to roam,
Has much unpleasantness when he gets home;
Guns, horses, and soldiers they all disappear.
He's fast in the mud now, quite up to his ear,—
Oh, dear!

He swore to the English a visit he'd pay;
On which great occasion his boat went astray.
His sugar supplies from Berlin he drew,
And wrote to Vienna for coffee, too,—
Oh, dear!

"I'll make you great!" to the Poles he said,
"And one of my provosts your king shall be made."
The Poles through wet and dry weather marched on,
But the Cassel king came, and spoiled the fun,—
Oh, dear!

The sun was shining when forth rode he,
Thinking ere winter in Moscow to be.
" Soldiers," he said, "there's the gain of your strife,
Contribution and easy life"—
Oh, dear!

The Moscowers thought, in council grave,
What profit to live the life of a slave?
Before that we yield to the Corsican hound,
We'll burn our good city down to the ground,—
Oh dear!

Now the front door's shut, and the back door too,
And nought but the Pole remains to him true;
From Archangel down to the Caspian Sea,
The song of the people sounds joyously,—
Oh dear!

His brother, the great political quack,
In Spain, too, hath a hard nut to crack.
He weareth of paper a gorgeous crown,
And before his door dares not ventures down,—
Oh dear!

The King of Rome, too, his poor little son,
They can't let even that child alone;
And the holy Pope himself saith now,
Two wives, my son, I can never allow,—
Oh dear!

The three last verses, which contain only denunciations and anathemas on *the fallen* conqueror, have been omitted.

THE ARTIST AND THE PUBLIC.

(Der Künstler und sein Publikum.)

F. Rückert.

The dumb man spake to the blind man,
"He'd do me a favour rare
Who'd find for me the harper—
Hast seen him anywhere?
Not that I myself care greatly,
For harping, I may say;
But for my deaf son's pleasure
I very much wish he'd play."

The blind man he made answer,
"Just now I've seen the same;
I'll have him fetched directly
By my runner here, who's lame."
Then started the lame runner,
His lord's request to meet,
And, searching for the harper,
Ran up and down the street.

Then quickly came the harper,
And lowly reverence made.
He had no arms, and therefore
The harp with his feet he played.
He played until with rapture
His strains the deaf man heard;
The blind man gazed upon him,
The dumb spoke praising word.

The lame man fell a-dancing,
And sprang with main and might;
The company kept together
'Till late into the night;
And, mutually contented,
At length did they homeward haste,
The public pleased with the harper,
And he with the public's taste.

APPENDIX.

THE DIVER.

(Translated from the German of Schiller.)

"Be he knight, be he squire, who is here will dare
To dive in the depths below?
A golden goblet I hurl through the air,—
See o'er it already the black waters flow;
And he who will give't me once more to behold,
Shall have for his guerdon the goblet of gold."

Thus spake the monarch; and forth flung he,
From the cliff whose beetling height
Looks down on the restless heaving sea,
The goblet into the whirlpool's night:
"Now who is the bold one, I ask again,
Who dares to dive in the stormy main?"

The knights and the pages by his side
Hear the words, but silence keep,
And gaze on the boundless rolling tide,
And no one will dare for the goblet the leap;
Till the king for the third time asks again,—
"Will none of ye venture to dive in the main?"

But still the warriors silent stand,
Till a page of noble birth
Steps proudly forth from the wavering band
And flings his girdle and cloak to earth;
And the gallant knights and the ladies fair
At the venturous youth in wonder stare.

And as he steps to the mountain's brow,
And gazes the pool upon,
Backward the foaming waters now
From the dark Charybdis come rushing on;
And with sound like the distant thunder's roar,
Upward they leap to the air once more.

And it boils and it bubbles, and hisses and seethes,
As when water with fire doth vie;
Towards Heaven a vapoury column breathes,
And wave on wave rolls eternally;
Exhausted never, and ceasing not,
As though a new sea by the old was begot.

For a moment now hushed is the roaring tide,
And black 'mid the sparkling swell,

A yawning fissure there opens wide,
As though to the fathomless regions of hell;
And the foam-covered waves, with their eddying flow,
Are sucked to the depths of the whirlpool below.

Now quick ere the breakers return—a prayer
The youth for his soul doth say;
And—a cry of horror has rent the air,
For already the breakers have borne him away—
And darkly that venturous swimmer o'er
The cavern closes: they see him no more.

And the silence above not a sound doth break,
Save the deep sea's hollow swell;
And whispers murmured by lips that quake,
"Thou high-hearted stripling, fare thee well!"
And louder and louder the breakers they hear,
While waiting in anxious, in passionate fear.

"And if thy crown thou shouldst cast in the sea,
And said'st—'Who brings me the crown
Shall wear it from henceforth and king shall be'—
The dear-bought prize could not tempt me down."
For no blest spirit may live and say
What things the wild whirlpool conceals from the day.

Full many a barque by the current borne
Has been hurried below the wave;
But keel and mast were asunder torn
Ere they struggled forth from the yawning grave;

And louder and louder, like tempest's deep roar,
The voice of the ocean is heard on the shore.

And it boils and it bubbles, and hisses and seethes,
As when water with fire doth vie;
Towards Heaven a feathery column breathes,
And wave on wave rolls eternally;
And with sound like the distant thunder's roar,
The waters leap upward to air once more.

And they see from the darkling breakers' foam
A swan-like object glide;
An arm and a shoulder upwards come,
Swift and sturdily stemming the tide;
'Tis he! and behold in his left hand high
He waves the gold goblet triumphantly.

A deep and a lengthened breath he drew,
And hailed the light of Heaven;
And a joyous shout ran the circle through
"He lives—he is here—to him 'twas given
From the cavernous whirlpool's watery grave
His gallant spirit alive to save."

He comes—and amid the gladsome ring,
The page on bended knee
The goblet lays at the feet of the king,
Whose lovely daughter speedily
With sparkling wine fills the cup to the brim,
And the page to the king turns, and pledges him:

"May the king live for ever! right happy are all
Who breathe in the rosy air,
For 'neath the dark waters are sights that appal;
And to tempt the gods' wrath let no man dare,
Or ever presume in those things to pry,
Which they graciously hide in night's mystery.

With lightning speed I was downward drawn,
When forth from the rocky keep
A current came headlong bounding on
And caught me fast in its giant sweep,
Dragging me down to the depths of the sea,
In dizzying whirl, resistlessly.

The gods then showed me—to whom I cried
When I thus was downward flung—
A jagged rock that rose from the tide,
And to it I wildly clung.
There, too, 'mid the coral the goblet was tost,
That in fathomless depths had else been lost.

Beneath, the purple darkness deep
An hundred fathoms lay;
And though sound in these realms must for ever sleep
Yet the eye can see and turn sick'ning away,
For dragons and lizards and monsters dread
Crawl to and fro on the ocean's bed.

Moving, I saw in a loathsome throng,
Through the depths of the inky sea,

The prickly ray, and swordfish among,
The hammerfish's deformity;
And the ocean hyena, the direful shark,
Defiance grinn'd through the waters dark.

I shuddered with horror as there I clung,
Nor for human help could cry;
One reasoning being those monsters among,
Alone in that fearful place was I;
In realms where no human sound could be,
'Mid the demon spawn of the mighty sea.

A thing with an hundred limbs drew near,
Slow moving each ghastly joint;
It snapped at me; in my frenzied fear
I loosed my hold of the rocky point;
Then the rushing current seized me once more;
But that was my safety; it bore me ashore."

Marvelled the king when those things heard he,
And said, "The goblet's thine own;
And this signet-ring do I destine for thee,
Enriched with gems of the costly stone,
If once more thou wilt venture and give me to know
What things thou shalt see in the waters below."

With pity she heard it, his daughter fair,
And thus to the king did say:
"And has he not ventured what none would dare?
My father, enough of this fearful play;

Or if thy soul's longing thou canst not tame,
Let the belted knights put the page to shame."

Then the king his hand for the cup did stretch,
And flung it deep in the sea:
"If once more thou darest the goblet to fetch,
The foremost shalt thou of my warriors be,
And her as thy bride shalt embrace this day,
Whose womanly pity does now for thee pray."

It shoots through his soul like the flashing of light,
And valour beams from his eye;
When blushing he sees that maiden bright
Then pale to the earth sinking helplessly;
That beauteous prize must his efforts crown,—
"For life or for death, then," he plunges down.

* * * * *

Still heard are the breakers; still come they again
At the voice of the thundering fall;
And fond eyes are gazing, and gazing in vain,—
They're coming, they're coming, the waters all;—
Upward they foam, and downward they roar,
But that gallant youth shall return no more.

THE END.

PRINTED BY PETTER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE YARD, ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.



